

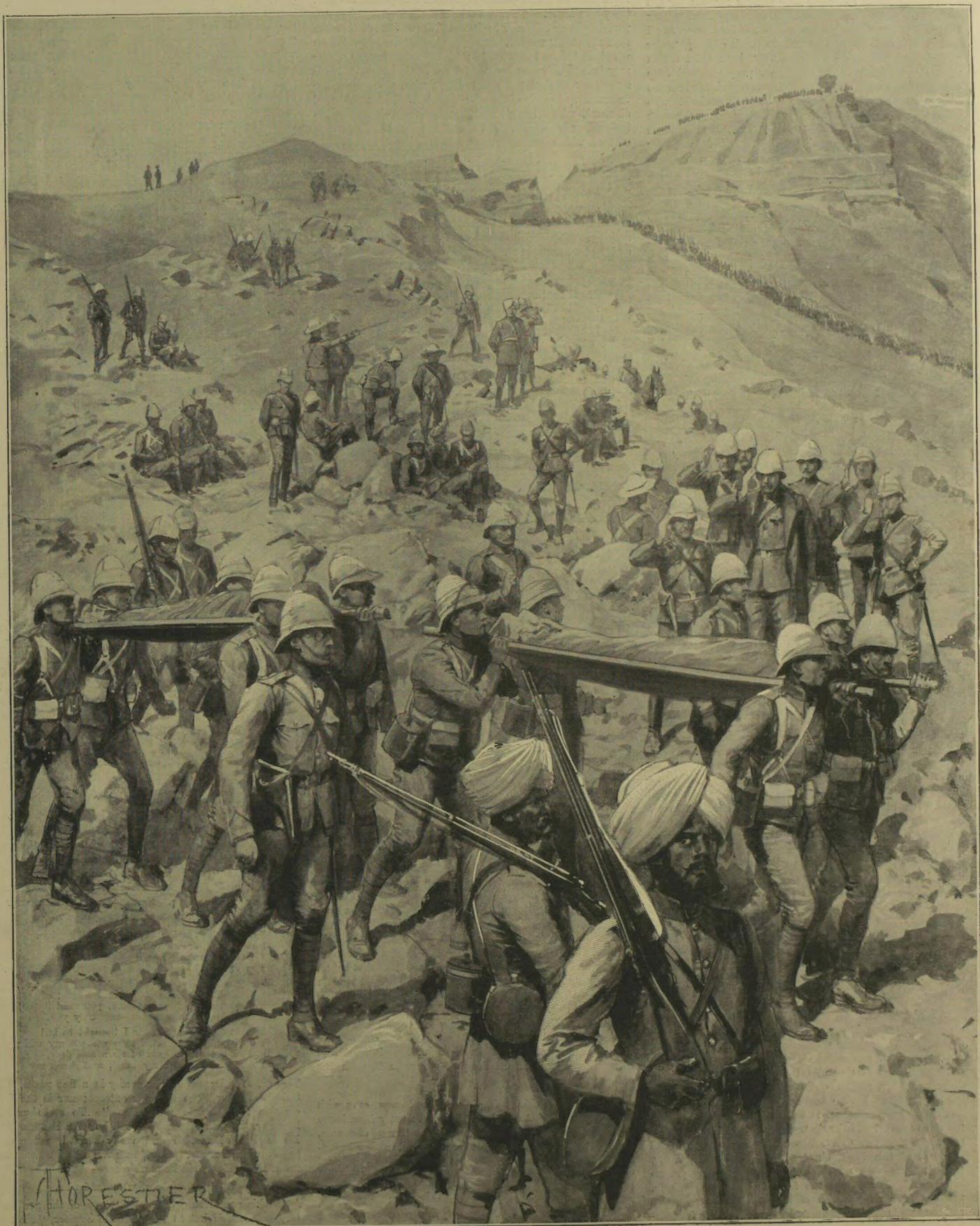
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—THE FIGHT FOR THE SEMUGHA PASS: BRINGING IN THE DEAD.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.*

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In these hard times it becomes more important as well as more difficult than ever to provide for our future, and to fall, if we must fall, as softly as possible. In better days we used to choose our dwelling-place, with an eye to the education of our children, near some public school, where they could go as day boys, or in the neighbourhood of some cheap grammar school. It has now become more necessary to obtain a "settlement" in some good workhouse. These institutions vary very much, and too much care cannot be taken in their selection. I know one that has mignonette in the windows all the summer, and quite a large smoking-room for the old folks, but I do not mention its name because I have private reasons for not wishing it to be overcrowded. In consequence of calling attention to one the other day where the inmates were all able-bodied and too comfortable to think of work under any circumstances, there has, I hear, been quite a run upon the establishment. Still, poor people should help one another, and it is only right to warn probable inmates (especially those bidding fair to be centenarians, who always end their days there) against such workhouses as are undesirable. The one at Devonport appears a residence to be avoided. A theatrical manager there invited the poor little children to a matinee where "The Union Jack" was to be performed. At a naval station such a play would seem to be appropriate, and, at the same time, very suitable to stir the sluggish pulses of the rising generation with patriotic fervour. But the kindly offer has been rejected; the majority of the guardians being of opinion that "the going to a theatre would be likely to create a desire in later life to attend such places." Mr. Bumble himself could hardly have given utterance to a more moral aphorism. One would think that these little people were passing an existence beset by all the pleasures of the town, instead of this being the only entertainment they have probably had the chance of witnessing in their dreary lives. I am afraid that neither mignonette nor tobacco is grown in "the Bastille" (as Carlyle calls it) at Devonport.

A popular dramatist has been lecturing with much justice and intelligence upon the relations of the drama to real life. He showed the necessity of representing things upon the stage otherwise than as they actually occur, and especially of leaving out "the ordinary, sordid, everyday, unessential, non-characteristic things." In the latter respect, nevertheless, the drama has an advantage over the novel which only novelists perhaps understand. We often hear persons (who have not, perhaps, much more to say) converse upon insignificant actions of social life—such as how few women there are who know how to walk, or leave the room, and so on. And in writing, though what they mean (*i.e.*, the grace with which it is done) can be easily described, the act itself is by no means easy to indicate without baldness. On the stage the exits and entrances are as naturally effected as in real life; the stage direction is sufficient, and requires no explanation to the audience. But in literary composition the difficulty of expressing movements of the ordinary kind in a natural manner is considerable. A reason has to be given for the departure of each character from the scene, when there is really none whatever except that the author wants to get rid of him. The dialogues, again, on the stage are perfectly simple, but in describing conversation in which several persons are taking part the "said" and "observed" and "remarked" which it is necessary for the novelist to interpolate in each case give far more trouble than can be well imagined, and also detract from the desired effect. The drawing a sword and flinging away the scabbard is always an impressive spectacle on the stage, and is also very easy of performance; but to describe such an action is not so easy, and much less effectual. With acts less significant the difficulty increases; one may describe the theatrical maiden pealing her bell for assistance, but words can never compete with the impression produced by the rushing to the bell-rope and pulling it down, though it does not require an Ellen Terry to effect it. Both these examples are, however, incidents, and exceptional ones, and these even the poorest writer can handle; it is the simple, ordinary movements of real life which the novelist finds it difficult to portray naturally, and it is in these that the dramatist has the advantage of him.

At Waterton, N.Y., occurred last month a probably unique wedding. The bride was older than the bridegroom, but its singularity did not consist in that; she was ninety years of age and he eighty-seven, and when you come to figures of that size, three years make no great difference. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt of Waterton are to be congratulated on having broken the record in marriages, and shown alike to bachelors and spinsters that it is never too late to mend. Their silver wedding will be something to look forward to. Oliver Wendell Holmes, on hearing of a match of this kind, observed with cheerful gravity, "Well, there were no children of course. Any grandchildren?" Not to see the fun of that is to be safe, perhaps, from an infection of humour. Sydney Smith's test-case was more simple. A dull man, talking for talking's sake, inquired of a friend why the gates of the Green

Park had been narrowed. "You have no idea," replied the other gravely, "what fat people used to get into that Park."

A writer, who has since distinguished himself in far other and more ambitious fields of literature, once wrote a humorous work upon University life, in which, speaking of men of the small colleges, he bade us charitably to remember that "they too are God's creatures." The same may be modestly asserted, if the publishers would only believe it, of reviewers; nor can any sufficient justification be found for sending books in the course of business to those diligent and humble workers which require to be operated on by the paper-knife. Many of those fat six-shilling volumes which have taken the place of the old three-deckers take a quarter of an hour's acquaintance with the paper-knife. Twenty books are often enclosed in one parcel from an editor. Five hours of the reviewer's time are thus absolutely wasted. An appeal to the humanity of those who inflict these tasks would probably be useless; but one may incidentally mention that there is nothing which sets a reviewer against a book, to begin with, more than the unnecessary trouble of having to cut it. The question of discount, which is agitating the book world, sinks into insignificance with him compared with this senseless custom, which is as unnecessary as it is inconvenient.

The causes of popularity in imaginative writers are, I venture to think, a good deal misunderstood. Astonishment has been of late expressed at the immense success of certain novels, by more than one writer, which have none of the usual attractions—no plot, no incident, and very little love-making. They deal, however, with quasi-religious matters, and by no means in the old fashion of "serious" stories. They are latitudinarian and something more, and have found a public ripe for them. Of later years people have grown more venturesome in theological matters, and though these novelists have had little to say that has not been said before by writers of another kind, it is new to their readers. A very large class, in some degree owing to the School Boards, has sprung up which takes great interest, as indeed it is only right it should do, in spiritual matters, to whom these things are a revelation. This public is supplemented by another, which, though it holds fiction to be frivolous, has a sneaking fondness for it, and, under pretence of improving its mind, welcomes the least semblance of a novel. On the other hand, it really seems more difficult to account for the popularity of some novels than to write them.

A curious example of what may well be called euthanasia happened the other night at Birmingham: a woman was so tickled by the humour of a performer at a music-hall that she laughed not only till she "cried," but till she died. The incident, however regrettable, must be considered a feather in the actor's cap, though a funeral one. I knew a humorous writer who on being asked what effect had been produced by his works that he was most proud of, used to reply, "Ask my doctor." His medical attendant had told him on one occasion that he was indebted to him for an interesting case. A patient of his had gone into such an uncontrollable fit of laughter over one of his stories that he had burst a blood-vessel. "Your works, of course, are banished from him for ever. He is allowed to read nothing but Travels and Sermons. I have done what I can for him, but he is really very bad." My friend used to confess that he did not know whether to be glad or sorry at this lamentable news.

Laughter is said to be indicative of character. In a work upon the subject I read that people who laugh in A (pronounced as "ah") are frank and honest, but versatile and fickle; those in E (pronounced "ay") are phlegmatic and melancholy; those in I (pronounced "ee") are simple-minded and affectionate (generally children); and those in U are "wholly devoid of principle." Yet they can't be so bad as people who laugh at you.

The latest invention for destroying human life is very weird and eerie—namely, a soundless cannon. Colonel Humbert, its discoverer, claims that there will not be even a flash to show whence the missile comes. "We shall not live to see it" as old folks say. It will be like a magnified air-gun, but more silent. The well-known aspiration, "Oh, that I were safe at Clod Hall, or could be shot before I was aware!" would seem to imply that this will tend to allay apprehension, but to my mind there is something appalling in it. It will be like fighting in a perpetual ambuscade. However, since the cannon-ball is not yet rendered invisible, one will still see it, I suppose, coming from nowhere, before it takes one's head off! Just half a second, perhaps, but, as the poet expresses it, "Oh, the difference to me!"

The old order changeth, giving place to new, even with the British hoy. A couple of them ran away from home the other day and were lost for months. It was, of course, imagined that they had gone to sea. The educational wise-acres at once attributed their disappearance to the tales of pirates and sea-robbers which it was concluded they had been reading instead of the *Hundred Best Books*. It now appears more likely that they had been studying Mr. Smiles's works, the heroes of which come to town with half-a-crown, and, entering into commercial life, leave a hundred

thousand pounds behind them. They were found serving in a shop—probably a confectioner's—and each in receipt of fifteen shillings a week. What shows their parents must find it easier to provide for their sons than most of us, they have cut short their commercial career and fetched them home.

Among the imports from Uganda, the Foreign Secretary has received a sheaf of poisoned arrows. They are being carefully examined with a view to discovering the fatal ingredient and providing an antidote in case of further hostilities with the natives. The public at large is greatly attracted by this species of weapon. I remember being with Frank Buckland at a sale at the house of a friend of his, a Consul who had deceased in Africa. There were many native gods and implements of war and carved things which showed but a rudimentary taste for art, and the demand for them was what the auctioneers call "quiet." Presently some arrows were brought out. "Be very careful of those arrows," exclaimed Buckland; "the marori [or some such name] is the most deadly of all poisons!" Upon this information the bidding grew uncommonly brisk, and the weapons were sold separately—perhaps from curiosity, perhaps with the intention of disposing of relatives with comparative impunity. "My dear Frank," I said (he was my cousin), "how did you know those arrows were poisoned?" "I did not," he said, "and I never said they were; but I know my fellow-countrymen, and I felt I ought to do the best I could for my poor friend's widow."

There are few persons whose death will make a wider void than that of Anna Maria Fox, of Penjerrick, Falmouth, who has recently left us at eighty-one years of age. Of her it cannot be said as of the vast majority of us—

She did not do much harm nor yet much good,  
And might have been much better if she would,  
for no harm was ever imputed to her, and her whole life  
was spent in making those about her better and happier.  
Like another Miss Fox, whom Sydney Smith used to say  
reminded him of "an aged angel," she always seemed to  
those who knew her as though she were lent from Heaven.  
She was sister of that Caroline Fox whose Journal and  
Letters were so eagerly welcomed some fifteen years ago.  
Like her, she was visited in her beautiful home, with its  
tropic gardens, by everyone of distinction who came to  
Cornwall; and no one left her without some impression of  
what self-sacrifice and well-doing can effect in giving to  
life its graciousness and highest charm.

Somehow or other, poems on Irish matters are not received with the welcome they often deserve by the Saxon. Their subjects are unfamiliar to him, and even difficult; they also sometimes denounce him, on account of something his great-grandfathers did, which is hardly conciliatory. Among the few writers who have overcome this prejudice is Miss Jane Barlow, but she is not legendary, and mostly discourses of the people she has known. The latest Irish singer, Miss Dora Sigerson, does not hesitate to take the (Irish) bull by the horns, and sings of the past as well as the present. "The Fairy Changeling," which gives its name to her book, is, of course, an ancient theme, and there are other poems in it, such as "The Little Black Hound" and "The Fair Little Maiden," which are "in accordance with the best traditions." These are uncommonly good. "Banagher Rhue's" wager, rash even in an Irishman, is capitally described—

Banagher Rhue, but the hour was ill  
(O Mary Mother, how high the price!)  
When you swore you'd game with Death himself;  
Aye, and win with the devil's dice.  
Banagher Rhue, you must play with Death,  
(Mary, watch with him till the light!)  
Through the dark hours, for the words you said,  
All this strange and noisy night.

Ace and king avail him nothing, and he wins the wager (very unexpectedly to the ordinary card-player) with the queen. The other poems are thoughtful as well as beautiful, and the author has actually found something new to sing about love. How wine, nor study, nor the pleasures of the chase can close our eyes to it—

Deep in the moving depths of yellow wine,  
I swore I'd drown your face, O love of mine;  
All clad in yellow hue, so fair to see,  
You crouched within my cup and laughed at me.  
Twice o'er a learned page I turned and tossed,  
For would I not forget the love I lost;  
All stern and robed in gloom, you read it too,  
I could not see the words—saw only you.  
Within the hungry chase I thought to kill  
You, love, who haunted thus without my will;  
In the gentle gaze of fawn and deer,  
Your eyes disarmed my hand, and shook my spear.

There is a tenderness for humanity in a fine poem, "The Suicide's Grave," too long for extract; nor is the dumb creation forgotten in "Questions." To some persons, however, the gem of the book will be "An Eastern God." He is but of marble and many-handed, yet a lover ("European, I regret to say," as Mr. Pecksniff would have remarked) whispers in its marble ear—

O guard my love, wheresoever he be.  
A touching rendering of the old story of the gentleman  
who took off his hat to the statue of Jupiter, "since one  
should never throw away a chance."

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

No considerable fighting has taken place, only "sniping" and skirmishing of outposts, since our last, in Sir William Lockhart's campaign against the hostile Afridis in Tirah. A convoy was attacked in the Arhangha Pass. There are hopes even of a speedy submission of the tribes, to whom he notified, on Sunday, by a verbal communication to the Maliki Din, Kambar Akha, and the Adam Khel Jirgahs, and by a general proclamation, the terms of peace. These terms are the surrender of all Government and private property they have stolen, giving up eight hundred breech-loading rifles, and paying a fine of 50,000 rupees, with hostages for due performance. The Khyber Pass will be reopened, and its forts restored; all pecuniary grants hitherto allowed to the tribes will be suspended, and the future settlement of the whole frontier region will be at the discretion of the British Government. It is strongly urged by writers in the *Times of India* that a permanent military force should be maintained in Tirah, and that a light railway should be constructed to the Kurram Valley. The campaign has altogether caused in the British Indian army 630 casualties, killed and wounded, two-thirds of the loss being to the Second Division. The headquarters are now at Bagh. On Tuesday General Lockhart accompanied the 4th Brigade in its march to Datoi. Sir Salter Pyne, the Afghan Amir's English engineer and artillery constructor at Kabul, has been sent on a special mission to the Viceroy of India.

Our Illustrations of the recent fighting are this week supplied by the sketches of our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who reached the scene of action some weeks ago in time to send us his impressions of the taking of the Sempacha Pass, and the splendid storming of the Dargai heights by the Gordon Highlanders, whose heroism has already been recorded in our columns.

### THE PRINCE OF WALES AT LAMBTON CASTLE.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis, left town on Tuesday afternoon by special train to visit the Earl of Durham at Lambton Castle. The party included the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Sarah Wilson, Lady Churchill, and his Excellency the Portuguese Minister. At King's Cross Station his Royal Highness was received by Sir Henry Oakley and other officials of the Great Northern Railway. The Prince spent Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday shooting over the Langley Park and Lambton coverts, and on Friday proceeded to Durham to receive an address from the Mayor and Corporation and to visit the Cathedral. After a stay of two hours in the ancient city his Royal Highness returned to town. Lambton Castle, where the distinguished company stayed, is an old mansion of the d'Arcys, standing amid beautiful terraces, upon a height sloping towards the river Wear. In 1851 the Castle was greatly damaged by a sudden subsidence, due to a coal-mine immediately beneath it, which had been long worked out and forgotten. In 1862 the Castle was partly restored and partly rebuilt, after designs by Bonomi. Architecturally it exhibits a mixture of the Gothic and Tudor styles. Its collection of pictures is interesting. The mine which caused the damage was laboriously bricked up, the work extending from the year 1857 to 1863, and necessitating the employment of ten million bricks. The place is rich in legend and tradition, the chief being that of "the worm," a terrible monster said to have been slain on Worm Hill, a conical hill near the Castle Park, by a member of the Lambton family, arrayed in a coat of mail studded with razor-blades. The once famous "worm bell" has now disappeared.

### THE GREAT FIRE IN THE CITY.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, Nov. 19, the greatest fire since 1666 broke out in Hamsell Street, Aldersgate Street, and spread with alarming rapidity through six or seven streets, completely gutting the houses over many acres of ground, and doing incalculable damage to property. For five solid hours the efforts of the Fire Brigade, strenuous and magnificent though they were, could do nothing towards checking the fury of the flames, which blazed furiously until long after nightfall. By midnight, however, the fire was got in hand, but not until nearly three hundred warehouses in Hamsell Street, Well Street, Jewin Street, Jewin Crescent, Monkswell Street, Australian Avenue, and Redcross Street had been burnt to the ground. The district is the centre of the feather trade, and the headquarters of dealers in light fancy goods, so that the fire did not lack for food of the most easily inflammable nature. Tie-manufacturers, skin and fur merchants, umbrella-makers, straw bonnet-makers, mantlemakers, New Zealand merchants and importers of foreign fancy wares have sustained losses which will in the aggregate amount to nearly a million sterling. It is said that the great destruction of this year's stock of hat-feathers will materially increase the price of these luxuries (or are they necessities?) during the coming season. The insurance risk is borne by nearly every British fire company. Among buildings of interest in the neighbourhood, the only one that suffered was the old Grapes tavern, which was completely destroyed. For a time it was feared that the ancient church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, must be consumed, and every spectator of antiquarian sympathies was

concerned for the safety of the historic church, which escaped the Great Fire. St. Giles's, indeed, dates from the time of William Rufus. In it Cromwell was married, Fox and Milton were buried. For a time, the roof of the church was actually ablaze, but the firemen succeeded in saving the building from serious damage. Damage by water there is certainly, and the church services will for a little be interrupted. Milton's tomb is adorned with an elegant sculptured miniature of the poet, and this has fortunately escaped injury. The Grinling Gibbons carving, too, remains intact. The fire happening in the daytime, and in a confined space, afforded less "spectacle" than would otherwise have been the case; but the few who contrived, as the evening descended, to obtain a general view of the scene from the tower of St. Giles's declare that the conflagration, although by that time past its first fierceness, was impressive and memorable.

### THE LATE BARON POLLOCK.

The late Hon. Sir Charles Edward Pollock (Baron Pollock), who died on Nov. 21 from the effects of a chill caught while he was attending Essex Assizes, was seventy-four years of age, having been born on Oct. 31, 1823. Baron Pollock was the fourth son of the Right Hon. second Chief Baron Pollock, the first Baronet, and was educated at St. Paul's School. Having been entered at the Inner Temple, he was called to the Bar in 1847. In 1866 he was member of the Home Circuit and a Q.C. In 1873 he was created a Baron of the Exchequer, and from 1875 to

### THE CHILDREN'S HAPPY EVENINGS ASSOCIATION.

Philanthropy has seldom suggested a happier thought than that which gave birth to the Children's Happy Evenings Association, which has now seen eight years of ever-expanding life. This great and beneficent movement, the outward and visible sign of which was the recent exhibition of dolls at the Imperial Institute, was set on foot by some ladies who take a deep interest in school-management, and who realised that the children of the poor became old even before their schooldays were over from sheer lack of play. The association was accordingly formed to enable the children to enjoy hours of happy, healthful recreation, and for this end the School Board readily granted the use of their buildings. The happy evenings are conducted on rational lines, the children being taught and expected to amuse themselves rather than that they should be "entertained." Games, quiet and noisy, are pursued with infinite pleasure, "entertainment" being represented chiefly by story-telling and an occasional magic-lantern. All the members of the association are active, and sustain a great share of the labour. The Duchess of York is president, and among the distinguished workers are Countess Cadogan, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Lady Frances Balfour, and many others who find this noble effort its own reward. To the children the boon is incalculable; not only are their grey little lives brightened, but their wits are sharpened in a healthy direction, as the headmaster of any school to which this institution is an auxiliary can amply testify. Children who have come within reach of the C.H.E.A. are admitted to be infinitely brighter than those who have not yet come under its cheery spell. Ladies are not the only workers, of course. Among mere men-workers is numbered the Marquis of Lorne, who introduced a game which has achieved a great popularity in all the districts. But games are not the only recreation. The exhibition at the Imperial Institute was of dolls which have been dressed by little girls during happy evenings which deserve the name. This miniature dressmaking is one of the regular amusements. During the winter the work is carried on every evening except Saturdays, and the total attendance is about nine thousand. Regular attendance at school is made the passport, with most beneficial results. The evenings are seldom prolonged beyond eight o'clock.

### THE LAGOS-DAHOMEY FRONTIER QUESTION.

The commission now sitting in Paris to determine the Lagos-Dahomey Frontier Question will have a good deal of rather ancient history to review, as the French base their claims upon transactions dated as far back as 1884. M. Paul Thirion, in a recent article in the *Correspondant*, has stated the French case clearly enough. About the year 1884, it appears, the National African Company, afterwards famous as the Niger Company, bought out the rival French Company's ivory and palm oil factories on the Niger and Benue, for two or three million francs. The French thus lost an empire for a song, and the result was that the Berlin Conference recognised the legal title of the British to both banks of the Niger as far up as Lokodja. The French take their present stand on the principle laid down by the same Congress that the navigation of both the Niger and the Benue should be free. This they hold the Niger Company to have disregarded, and to have stopped the right of way up and down both rivers. In 1886 a charter was granted to the Niger Company, giving it quasi-sovereign rights over a double belt of territory extending thirty miles inland from both the Niger and the Benue, and, subject to the assent of the Colonial Secretary, over all territories it might subsequently acquire. In face

of the rapid progress made by the British, the French ultimately ceded to us the whole of the Central Sudan south of Say and Barrua. Our title to Boussa, Say, and Gando the French tacitly admit, but they contend that nothing has been stated about the right bank of the Niger, and that various French operations—explorations and conquests—from 1894 to 1895 give France a substantial claim to the territories within the loop of the river. The frontier line is said to be already so clearly defined as far as the 9th parallel of latitude that it could not be unwittingly crossed by travellers. For the first part of the way posts and beacons mark the frontier distinctly, and even at the intersection of a dense forest, where posts and beacons are not, there is no possibility, owing to the absence of cross roads, of coming from Dahomey into Lagos. Some distance south of the 9th parallel of latitude the line begins to follow the Opara River, a fine wide stream, which determines the boundary as far as the parallel in question. Mr. Grant Fowler, who assisted at the demarcation, suggests as the simplest solution of the difficulty that the line be continued along the Lagos-Dahomey meridian, as far as latitude 12 deg. 20 min. to a point on the Niger sixty miles south of Say. Up to the Say-Barrua line the French should have the right and the British the left bank. Such a line would leave us Nikki, towards which a French officer concerned in the delimitation, and left in charge at Shabe, expressed to Mr. Fowler his intention of gradually working his way. That officer held only a subordinate position, but small independent expeditions are not unusual among certain Frenchmen. Many little treaties made in this way complicate the present Lagos-Dahomey question, but it is capable of solution. The whole west coast of Africa is altogether in a curious condition. The country is notoriously unhealthy, though it is rich in commercial outlets. We have been admirably served there by our native troops, notably the Houssas, who made such a striking appearance in London at the Jubilee.



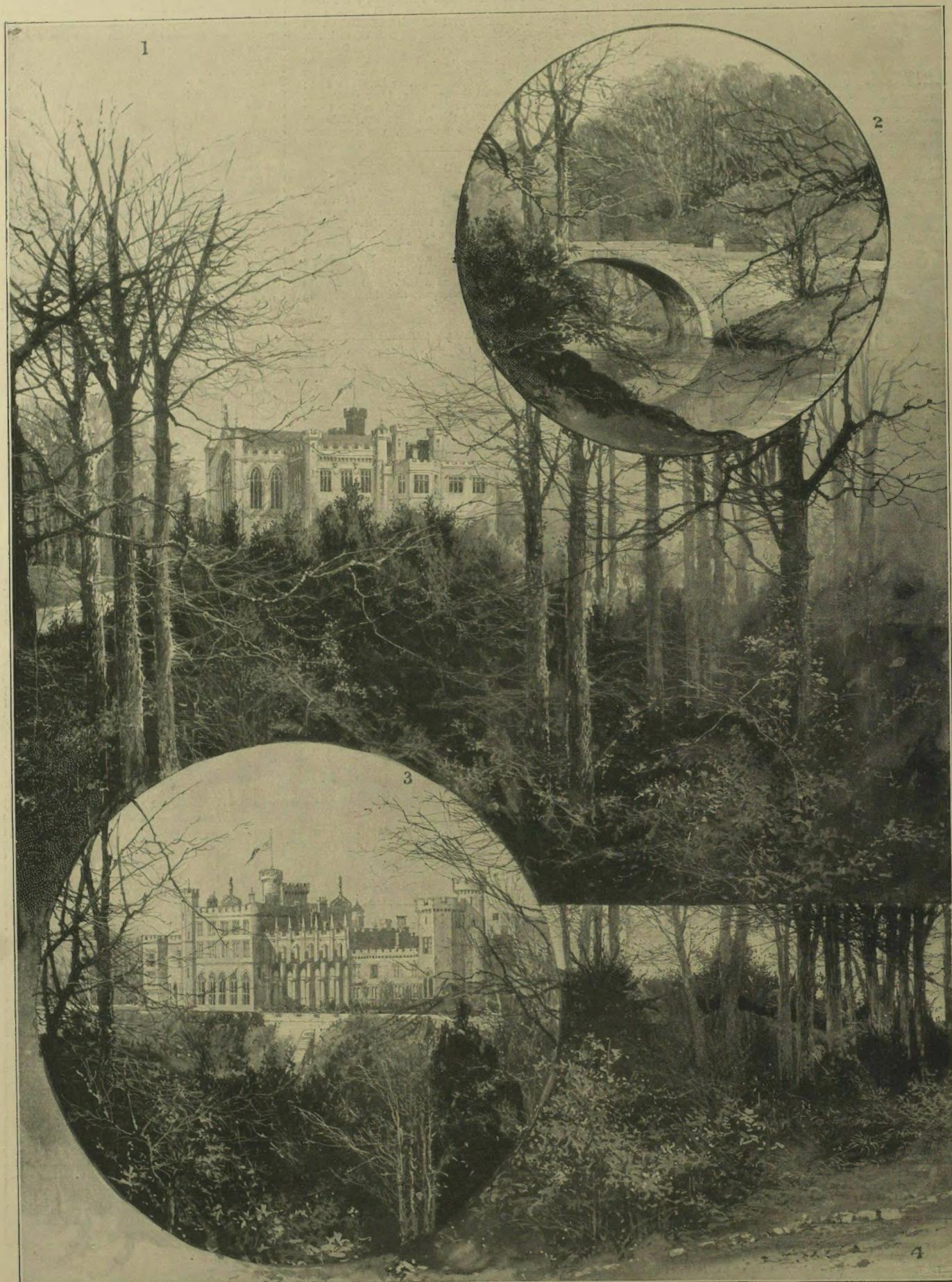
Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE LATE BARON POLLOCK.

1879 was Justice of the High Court of Justice. Since 1879 he has been of the Queen's Bench Division. The deceased Judge was twice married, first to Nicola, daughter of the late Rev. Henry Herbert; and secondly to Georgina, daughter of G. W. Archibald, LL.D., Master of the Rolls of Nova Scotia. Baron Pollock was universally beloved, being the kindest of men, and one from whom his colleagues at the Bar can never remember hearing a harsh word. Even to his advanced years he carried his boyish spirit and heartiness, and only a few weeks ago he jocularly offered to box any man of his years. His wit was choice, and often worth remembering.

### THE ENGINEERING DISPUTE.

The engineering strike still drags out its unfortunate existence. Conferences and meetings seem but to increase grievances and provocations. Certain of the affiliated unions express themselves dissatisfied with the share of representation proposed to be accorded to the Amalgamated Engineers at Wednesday's conference, and the joint committee would not on Monday furnish a list of representatives. A preliminary meeting was held on Wednesday of last week (Nov. 17) in the Westminster Palace Hotel, to clear the ground for the conference of this week. At that meeting the men yielded their demand for an independent chairman, and it was decided that the parties to the conference should consist of fourteen representatives of each side, each body to have its own chairman. Until the conference should be open, it was agreed that no current lock-out notices will take effect, and no fresh notices will be posted. During the last ten days meetings have been held by the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and by the London Ship Repairers' Union. A large number of firms have posted discharge notices, but these were suspended on terms of the preliminary engagements.



1. The Castle from the Wood.

2. The Bridge over the Wear.

3. The Castle from the South.

4. In the Woods.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO LAMTON CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF DURHAM.

THE LATE  
COUNTESS OF LATHOM.

By a melancholy accident which occurred on the afternoon of Nov. 23, the Countess of Lathom lost her life, and the peerage of Great Britain a valued and popular member. Lady Lathom was driving a phaeton drawn by two horses, and was returning to Lathom House, Ormskirk, to superintend the arrangements for dinner before the return of the shooting party which the Earl and Countess were entertaining at their Lancashire residence. With her Ladyship were Lady Leitrim and Lady Evelyn Mason. Just at the entrance of Lathom Park, the horses grew restive, and swerving aside brought one of the wheels into contact with a heap of stones, the three ladies being thrown violently out of the vehicle. Lady Leitrim and Lady Evelyn Mason escaped with slight bruises and a severe shaking, but Lady Lathom appears to have been thrown on the margin of a ditch full of water, into which one of the horses is supposed to have kicked her. Medical aid was fortunately at hand, and her Ladyship was conveyed home on an ambulance. A mounted messenger was despatched to summon Lord Lathom. Meanwhile everything that human skill could suggest was done to restore the Countess, but in vain. The news has created a profound sensation and widespread regret, for Lady Lathom was greatly liked in the Ormskirk district; in Liverpool, too, she will be sadly missed, for she was well known in that city in connection with philanthropic work. Alice, Countess of Lathom, was the daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, and was born in 1841. In 1860 she was married to the present Lord Lathom, then Lord Skelmersdale. There are two sons and four daughters of the marriage.

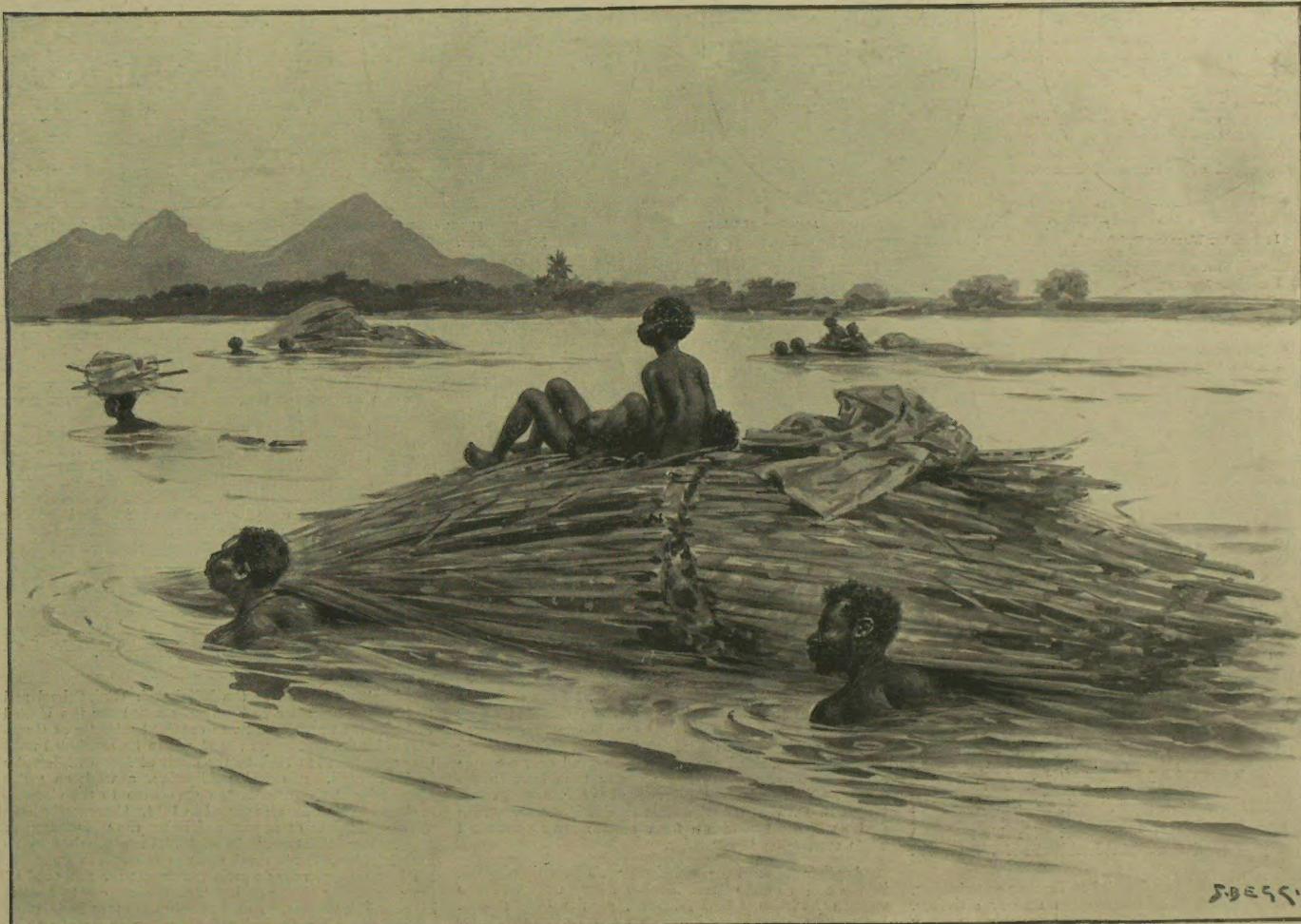


Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

THE LATE COUNTESS OF LATHOM.

THE ADVANCE IN THE  
SOUDAN.

It would seem likely, from present signs of the intended scheme of military operations, that the further advance of the Anglo-Egyptian army up the Nile, from Berber and the point above that town where the great river is joined by the Atbara, now securely occupied by Sir Herbert Kitchener's forces, may be delayed for a few months while measures are being taken both for introducing a garrison of the Khedive's troops into Kassala, which the Italians have quitted, and for establishing safe and regular communications with the seaports of Massowah and Suakin, on the Red Sea coast. In the meantime, unofficial expeditions have been commenced on the route to Suakin, nearly due east from Berber, with a view to examine the feasibility of making it a convenient road, as well for trading purposes as for the passage of troops, seeing that the port of Suakin could thus be made available for bringing in an auxiliary force, borrowed from the Indian Army, to aid in the final conflict with the Khalifa's main power, expected to take place at Metemmeh, or in the vicinity of Khartoum. The idea of speedily constructing a railway to connect Berber with the sea-coast, over a distance of nearly six hundred miles with great natural obstacles, cannot at present be entertained. The new Egyptian gun-boats, under the command of British naval officers, are doing good service up the Nile. Our Special Artist contributes a sketch of certain escaped captives of the Khalifa's cruel tyranny, who, after enduring great misery in his camp for thirteen years, like Slatin Pasha, have regained their liberty at the approach of the present military expedition.



THE SOUDAN ADVANCE: DERVISH FUGITIVES FLOATING DOWN THE NILE TO BERBER.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

*The men are supporting themselves on inflated goat-skins, and propelling a raft of straw bearing provisions.*

## PERSONAL.

Sir Henry Doulton, who made the Doulton ware and name famous, died at his residence in Queen's Gate Gardens on Nov. 17, at the ripe age of seventy-seven. The son of a Lambeth potter, Mr. John Doulton, the future Sir Henry was born at Vauxhall, and received his early education at University College School. Entering his father's business at the conclusion of his schooldays, young Doulton turned his attention to improvements in the firm's manufactures, and scored his first great success with glazed pipes for sanitary purposes. About 1870 he began to develop the production of "Doulton ware," now so well known all over the world. Henry Doulton was knighted in 1887. He took a lively interest in the artistic side of his enterprise, and maintained a whole school of art-workers in the works at Lambeth, which he rebuilt in their present form. Sir Henry was an energetic magistrate,

winning the Denyer Theological Prize. Ordained in 1847 by Bishop Wilberforce, Mr. Walford was twice to change his Church. He went over to Rome, returned to the English communion, and yet again reverted to the older form. After a turn at schoolmastering and considerable success as a "coach" at Clifton, he in 1852 came to London to try his fortune in literature. Numberless volumes followed on historical, antiquarian, and critical subjects. In archaeology he was an enthusiast, and was a member of many antiquarian and learned societies. He specialised on genealogy, his "History of County Families" and "Windsor Peerage" being of monumental importance.

The late Lieutenant Gordon Macleod Wylie, killed by a shot through the head during the engagement in the Tseri Kandao Pass, was another of the promising young officers of whom the Indian Frontier War has robbed the service.

There is reason to understand that Sir Allen Lanyon Sarle, long so actively interested in railway matters, is to withdraw, in some measure at least, from public life. This will not, of course, hinder his activity in many other directions. Sir Allen is an Orcadian by birth, and is the second son of the late Charles Sarle, Stipendiary Magistrate, Dominica, West Indies. He entered the service of the L.B. and S.C. Railway in 1849, was secretary of the company in 1867, and has been general manager since 1886. His interest in railways is of a most practical kind, and it is with his personal conduct of innumerable royal trips that many people know him best.

The late Rev. Dr. Henry Calderwood, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, who died suddenly on the night of Nov. 19, was born on May 10, 1830, at Peebles, where his father was a corn-



*Photo Manu and Fox.*  
THE LATE SIR HENRY DOULTON.



*Photo Barrard.*  
THE LATE MR. EDWARD WALFORD.



*Photo Elliott and Fry.*  
SIR ALLEN SARLE.



*Photo Walery.*  
MR. LUCAS WHITE-KING.



*Photo Mayall.*  
LIEUTENANT WALLACE D. WRIGHT.



*Photo Dagg, Atahachad.*  
THE LATE LIEUTENANT GORDON MACLEOD WYLIE.



*Photo A. and G. Taylor.*  
MAJOR MONEY.



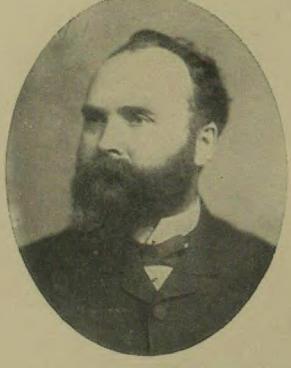
*Photo Abercromby, Delast.*  
CANON CROZIER.



*Photo London Stereoscopic Co.*  
THE LATE CAPTAIN NICHOLAS LEWARNE.



*Photo Elliott and Fry.*  
THE LATE PROFESSOR CALDERWOOD.



*Photo Lawrence, Dublin.*  
THE LATE MR. JOHN HOOPER.



*Photo Piron, Paris.*  
M. SCHEURER-KESTNER.

and closely identified himself with many good works, chiefly as almoner of St. Thomas's Hospital.

Lieutenant W. D. Wright, of the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, who was wounded in the fight with Afidis near the Saran Sir on Nov. 11, joined his regiment only in February of this year. He went through the whole of the Mohmand Expedition under Sir Bindon Blood, including the night attack made on the camp at Nawagai on Sept. 20, and subsequently went with his regiment to form part of Sir William Lockhart's force on the frontier.

Mr. Edward Walford, who died at Ventnor on Saturday, Nov. 20, was a man of multifarious literary activities. Literature, indeed, was for him almost inevitable. Literary ability ran, so to speak, in the family, and the deceased gentleman inherited much of his talent from his mother, a daughter of the American Royalist Sir William Pepperell; Bart. His father was the Rev. William Walford, Rector of Hatfield Peverell, Essex, where the future author of "Old and New London," "Greater London," etc., was born on Feb. 3, 1823. He graduated at Oxford in the same year as Matthew Arnold, and turned his attention to theology,

Lieutenant Wylie was the eldest son of Colonel Henry Wylie, C.S.I. Resident of Nepal. The deceased officer belonged to the 2nd Battalion 2nd Gurkhas, but volunteered for the 1st Battalion, as it was at the front. This summer he was home on sick leave, and left England only couple of months ago. Death had recently been busy in the family, Lieutenant Wylie's younger brother, Second Lieutenant E. D. Wylie, of the 32nd Punjab Pioneers, having died at Kohat last month from enteric fever contracted while serving on the frontier.

Another officer of General Kempster's Brigade who fell in the action of the Tseri Kandao Pass on Nov. 16 was Captain Nicholas Albert Lewarne, of the 15th Bengal Infantry, the regiment known as the Ludhiana Sikhs. The late Captain, who was gazetted Lieutenant on Aug. 25, 1886, served in the Sikkim Expedition of 1888 with the 2nd Battalion Derbyshire Regiment. He took part in the engagement at the Telapla, for which he was decorated with medal and clasp, and on Oct. 8, 1890, was gazetted Wing Officer and Adjutant of the 15th Sikhs. In 1891 he again saw active service with the second Miranzai Expedition, for which he held the clasp.

merchant. Educated at the Edinburgh High School and University, he, after graduation, studied for the United Presbyterian Church, and was ordained minister of Greyfriars Church, Glasgow, in 1856, where he continued until his appointment in 1868 to the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh. His first publication, a work on "The Philosophy of the Infinite" in opposition to the views of Sir William Hamilton, appeared in 1854. Many works have followed, his last of importance being the "Evolution of Man's Place in Nature." Though given to the speculative life, Professor Calderwood did not ignore the practical. He had, indeed, every public movement for the good of the community closely at heart, and was ready to lend it his energetic support. As first Chairman of the Edinburgh School Board, he devoted himself with unwearied care to the organisation of the complicated educational machinery of the city.

Major G. A. Money, second in command of the 18th Bengal Lancers, who was wounded in the engagement in the Mastura Valley, has had considerable experience of Indian campaigning. He served in the Afghan War, in the Mahsood Waziri Expedition, and in the Zibob Valley

Expedition. He will be remembered in England as the second commanding officer of the Native Cavalry officers who came over for the Queen's Jubilee ten years ago.

A prominent Irish journalist has passed away in Mr. John Hooper, for many years closely associated with the Nationalist Press. For thirty years he was connected with the *Herald*, the extreme Nationalist organ in Cork, and was an energetic worker in the Parnellite movement. To him, indeed, the ascendancy of Parnellism in Cork is mainly due. After service on the Corporation, in which he became an Alderman, Mr. Hooper, at Mr. Parnell's request, entered Parliament in 1885 as member for South-East Cork. Parliamentary life, however, was not to his taste, so he resigned after a year. During the coercion times of 1887 he was imprisoned for publishing in his paper reports of the meetings held by "suppressed" branches of the National League. A few years later he was at war with a section of his own party, becoming an ardent Anti-Parnellite. He was called to supervise the Anti-Parnellite organ, the *National Press*, in Dublin, and on the subsequent split occurring between the Healyites and the Dillonites, Mr. Hooper sided with the latter, and edited the amalgamated *National Press* and *Freeman's Journal*. Previous to his death Mr. Hooper had been editing the Dillonite paper, the *Evening Telegraph*. His talented and genial personality will be much missed.

When Sir William Lockhart selected his Political Officer in the present campaign, his choice fell upon Mr. Lucas White-King, who has had an experience second to none in the delicate work involved by such a post. He joined the service in 1878, and since then has held, among other appointments, that of Political Officer, Zib Valley Field Force (1890) and Boundary Commissioner, Indo-Afghan Delimitation Commission (1894-95). In the latter year he also served as Political Officer on Sir William Lockhart's staff throughout the Waziristan Expedition, for which he was awarded the medal with clasp, and was, besides, mentioned in despatches. He held charge of the Peshawar district throughout the Chitral Campaign in 1895-96, and of Kohat during the recent trouble on the Samana and Kohat border. He is an Oriental scholar as well as a numismatist of some reputation.

Canon Crozier, the new Bishop of Ossory, was born in County Cavan and lived all his earlier life on his father's property near Ballyhaise. He belongs to an old and honourable County Fermanagh family. One of his ancestors was John Crozier of Crockneale, one of the landed gentry of County Fermanagh attainted by James II. for refusing to attend Parliament. The new Bishop's great-grandfather was High Sheriff of Fermanagh in 1776; and John Crozier, J.P., of Cortia House, Newtonbutler, who inherited the family property, is his first cousin. The Bishop-elect is the eldest son of the Rev. Baptist Barton Crozier, B.A., of Rockview, County Cavan. After a distinguished career at Trinity College, Dublin, Canon Crozier was ordained deacon in 1876 for the curacy of St. Stephen's, Belfast. In 1877 he received priest's orders, and was appointed to the curacy of the Parish Church, Belfast. There he continued to labour with great acceptance until 1880, when he was nominated to the incumbency of Holywood, diocese of Down.

M. Scheurer-Kestner, Vice-President of the French Senate, has by his recent action in connection with the unhappy Dreyfus affair, gained more notoriety in a few days than he has done during twenty-five years of public life. M. Scheurer-Kestner is an Alsation and a Protestant. He is distinguished as a chemist, but people have forgotten his entry in 1871 into the political arena at the age of thirty-eight, forgotten how he sat as Deputy of the Haut-Rhin, and gave his vote in protest against the preliminaries of peace. There is no memory either, we are assured, of his resignation on the cession of Alsace, and his almost immediate re-election as representative of the Department of the Seine, or of his transference in 1875 to the Senate. He is a man of steadfast integrity, but of few words. Alsation workmen love him for his efforts to ameliorate their condition. He was the friend and fellow-worker of Gambetta.

In his speech at the annual dinner of the well-known firm of Hampton and Sons, Limited, Mr. George Hampton made the interesting announcement that the directors had decided to put into effect a scheme securing to every member of the firm's regular staff a direct participation in the profits of the business.

**HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.**

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, was visited on Nov. 17 by her son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who left on Friday, the 19th, and then by the Duchess of Albany, and on Friday also by the Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria of Wales; the Prince of Wales came on Saturday, with Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark; and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, also Prince Arthur of Connaught. The royal family at Windsor kept the birthday of the Empress Frederick, her fifty-seventh, on Sunday. The Prince of Wales then returned to Marlborough House. The Duke of Teck and the Duke and Duchess of York came on Monday. The Queen has been accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Henry of Battenberg. On Thursday the new Bishops of Bristol and Wakefield were presented and did homage to her Majesty; Sir Matthew White Ridley, the Home Secretary, was present, and the Bishop of Winchester. The Queen on Friday received a deputation of the Girls' Friendly Society, Mrs. Campion and three other ladies, with an address, a decorated album, the work of the associates and members of that society, and a purse of £1100 subscribed by a quarter of a million women and girls, as a gift to the fund for the Queen's Jubilee Institution for Nurses. On Saturday her Majesty received two officers, Captain E. C. Fairlough, of the 4th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, lately employed with the Sierra Leone Frontier Police, and Lieutenant Clement Lawrence Seton-Browne, of the

with a large silver bowl of fine workmanship, thirty-six managers contributing to its cost.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hobhouse, Lord Davey, and Sir R. Couch being on the bench, gave judgment on Friday against the appeal of Gangadhai Tilak, editor, publisher, and proprietor of a native Indian journal at Poona, in the Bombay Presidency, who was sentenced by the High Court of Bombay, on Sept. 24, to eighteen months' imprisonment for a seditious libel calculated to stir up enmity against the British Government of India. Mr. Asquith, M.P., Q.C., was counsel for the petitioner to appeal; Mr. A. Cohen, Q.C., for the India Office.

The triennial election, this week, of the London School Board has excited much active effort, with many local meetings, in most of the parishes of the Metropolitan District; the opposed parties, "Moderates" and "Progressives," and the advocates respectively of Church or Bible teaching and of secular instruction, having a good deal to say.

In Paris there has been renewed discussion of the case of Captain Dreyfus, the military officer condemned by court-martial, three years ago, to penal servitude for betraying official secrets to Germany. Many Frenchmen believe him to be innocent, and to have been made the scapegoat of persons in a higher position.

The Spanish Government has completed the plan of its large Home Rule concessions to Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, but meets with political opposition in Spain from the manufacturing and mercantile interests of Barcelona, which have enjoyed monopolies at the expense of Cuba. General Weyler, the late Military Governor of Cuba, having returned to Spain, is also taking an attitude of opposition.

It was expected that the treaty of peace between Turkey and Greece would be signed at Constantinople this week. The Greek Government, in the hands of M. Ralli, suffered an adverse vote in the Chamber of Deputies at Athens on Monday upon the question of inquiry concerning administrative scandals and malpractices during the late war. There is talk of dissolving the Chamber.

The Imperial German naval squadron on the coast of China has suddenly seized the port of Kiao-chau, ostensibly for temporary occupation as a material guarantee for satisfaction demanded of the Chinese Government for the massacre of two or three German

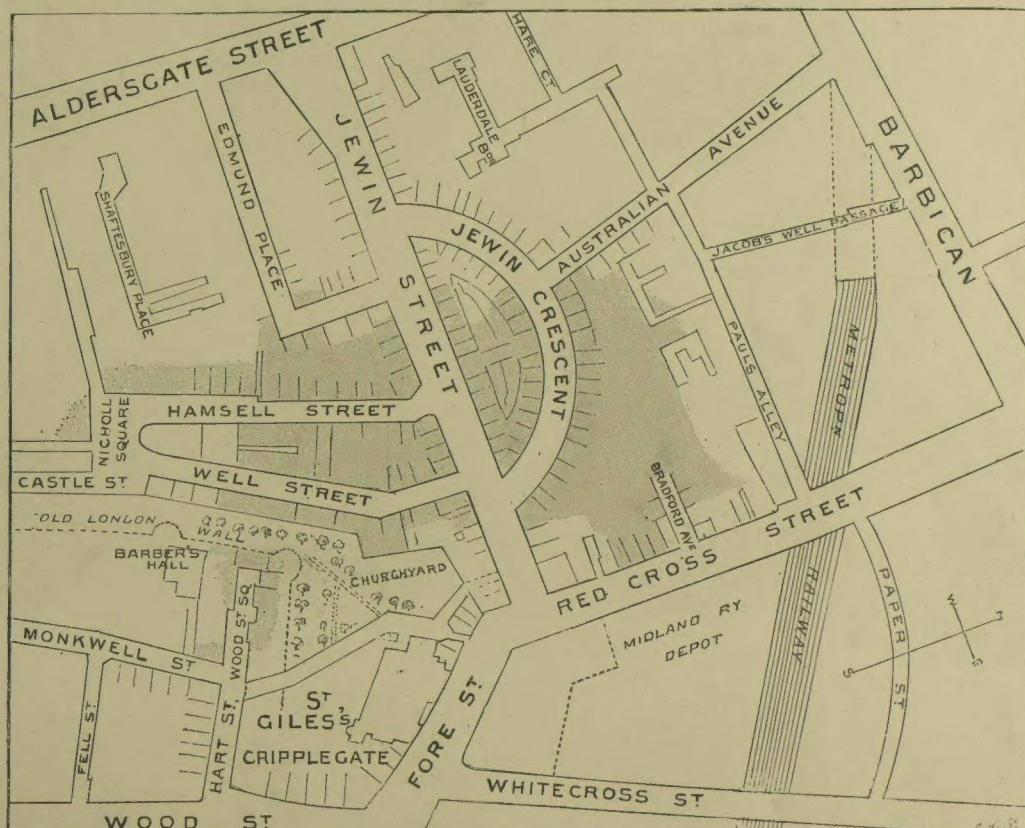
Roman Catholic missionary priests at Yen-chau-foo on All Saints' Day. No resistance was made by the strong Chinese garrison at Kiao-chau. Admiral von Diedrichs, before taking action, gave notice to the British, French, and Russian naval commanders.

Germany has withdrawn the few soldiers contributed by her as mere formality to the small force of the European Powers supposed to maintain order in Crete, and nothing has yet been done to settle the affairs of that island. Both Germany and Austria have obliged the Sultan, as a condition of their political support, to concede some financial claims on behalf of certain companies in Asiatic Turkey.

The Emperor of Austria, in his speech from the throne to the Delegations of the Austrian and Hungarian Diets, on Nov. 17, expressed great confidence in the agreement of views between his own Government and Russia, while repeating also his declaration that the alliance with Germany and Italy could not be shaken, and would maintain the peace of Europe.

Melbourne, Australia, has suffered a great disaster by fire, early on Sunday morning, in Elizabeth Street, one of the chief business streets of that city, destroying warehouses and fine shops and goods, altogether to the value of £750,000.

In East Africa, the expedition of Major Macdonald from Uganda to the north-east of Lake Victoria Nyanza, going towards the southern frontier of Abyssinia, has been interrupted by a mutiny of his Soudanese troops, who were joined by a hundred and fifty of the Mohammedan fanatics of Uganda. They murdered three Englishmen in the steam-launch on a neighbouring river, and fought during several hours before Major Macdonald could defeat them; Lieutenant B. F. P. Fielding, of the Wiltshire Regiment, and sixteen of the men under his command, were killed. Major Macdonald has since got reinforcements from Mombasa and from Uganda, and his position is secure.



MAP OF THE COURSE OF THE GREAT FIRE: THE SHADED PORTION SHOWS THE ACTUAL AREA DESTROYED.

Ses "Our Illustrations."

Indian Staff Corps, upon whom she conferred the Distinguished Service Order.

On Tuesday the Prince of Wales went to visit the Earl of Durham at Lambton Castle.

A Cabinet Council, at which Lord Salisbury presided, was held on Saturday at the Foreign Office.

Earl Spencer on Sunday visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, where Mr. John Morley had been staying a few days; Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were to go to Cannes this week. On Saturday evening Earl Spencer addressed a Liberal meeting near Keighley, in Yorkshire, and Sir H. H. Fowler at Wolverhampton; Mr. Walter Long, President of the Board of Agriculture, spoke at Bournemouth, on Thursday, in defence of Ministerial policy. The London Conference of the National Union of Conservative Associations closed on the preceding day.

On Friday evening, at the Imperial Institute, the Prince of Wales presided at a lecture delivered by Mr. F. G. Jackson on his Arctic exploring expedition.

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief, spoke last week at the Royal United Service Institution upon methods of recruiting and enlisting soldiers for the Army, urging the need of a largely increased military force.

It has been resolved by a meeting of former pupils of Harrow School to commemorate the services of the late Dean Vaughan as Head Master by erecting a monument in the chapel of that school.

Managers of the London theatres having subscribed for a friendly gift to Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department of the Royal Household with superintendence of theatrical performances, upon the occasion of his golden wedding, there was a pleasant meeting on Nov. 16, on the stage of the Criterion Theatre, where Mr. Charles Wyndham presented him and his lady



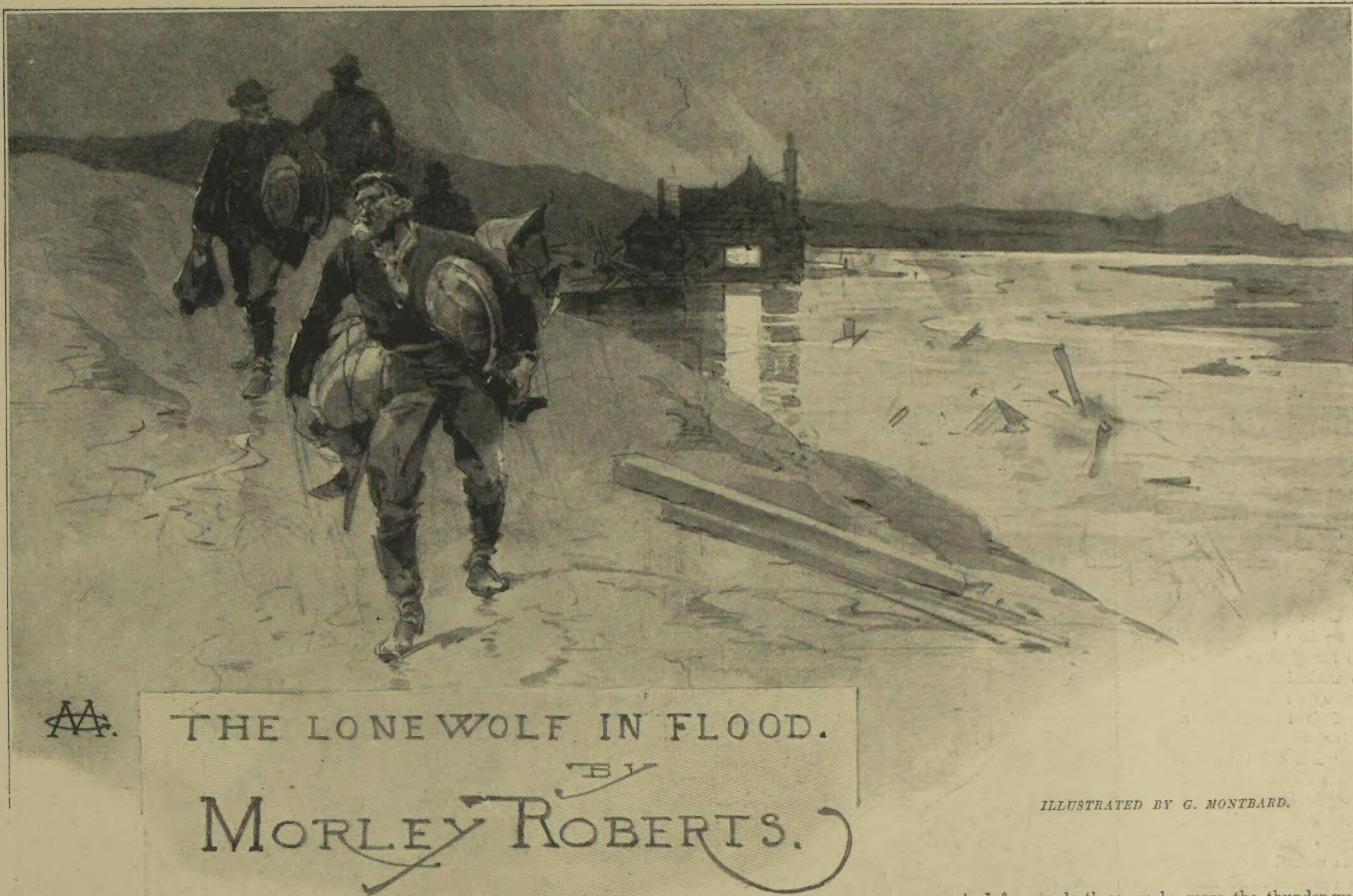
1. From the Churchyard, St. Giles, Cripplegate.  
2. From the Old Graveyard, St. Giles.

3. Well Street.  
4. Jewin Crescent.

5. Bradford Avenue.  
6. From Jewin Crescent.

THE GREAT FIRE IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

From Photographs by T. W. Lascelles and Co.



ILLUSTRATED BY G. MONTBARD.

A.A.

## THE LONE WOLF IN FLOOD.

BY  
MORLEY ROBERTS.

**O**N the north-west plateau of Texas the weather is a very uncertain quantity. A tenderfoot will boldly prophesy rain; a man who has soaked in a little knowledge on the prairie will have doubts; but the old hand is the only one who has the courage to say: "It mebbe will, and mebbe won't; but I dunno." So sometimes one can make a guess at the time a man has spent in the district by asking him his opinion as to the weather.

Yet even the oldest hand in Colorado City may sometimes prophesy disaster. For that is when the wind and rain come together, and the Lone Wolf creek goes hunting on the flat, and howls as it runs to the Railroad Bridge. And often when a dust-storm rises rain will follow, and there is the devil to pay.

Old Griffiths was one of the characters of the town, which, ten years ago, had many strange reputations about its streets. For he came before there was a city, and shovelled in his stakes down by the creek, and it was reported that he hadn't been fifty yards from his own door in fifteen years. But as he kept a boarding-house on the creek in a rough frame building, he lacked no mixed company. The trade in boarding men out of a job, and men in town jobs, was divided between him and Hamilton's. And Hamilton's was on the Plaza opposite the Gaol. Hamilton himself was a very old hand, who looked more like a gambler than a boarding-house keeper. He was thin and hard and wiry.

"Like the pulse of peritonitis," said the town's chief doctor, who really knew a little medicine, and was not a runaway apothecary's apprentice from the East.

But Griffiths had the most custom, and Hamilton bided his time.

"You hold on a piece," said Hamilton, "there'll be a big wash-out one of these days down at Griffiths'. He's planted his thundering old shacks on the edge of the Lone Wolf, and one day that creek will rise and roar, and Griffiths will drink more water than he's done in all the years he's been there."

For you see old Grif had the reputation of disliking water in any form, but more especially as a drink. He had lived in a real alkali district for years before he came into Texas, and when a man has choice of poisons, he is hardly to be blamed if he prefers alcohol to alkali. There's many a man who has owed the liquor habit to a long sojourn in parts of Nevada, to say nothing of other places where the sun, when it dries out a lake, leaves a thousand acres of white and glittering crystals.

But old Grif, as he sat in his chair by the stove, spoke disrespectfully of the creek.

"I've heard as Hamilton allows that the Lone Wolf will open its mouth and swaller me and my bits of houses

up. But I reckon I will swaller up Hamilton's first. Their grub is worse and worse, so I hear, and from what Jenkins told me, their pie is fair cruel. Now, I ask you men, what's a boarding-house without good pie?"

His audience murmured that pie was of the essence of a good house: that no house which lacked it could hope to live by attracting boarders.

So Grif wandered in his speech, indignant at Hamilton's reported words. He was a poor weak old man, full of pride in his success. Why, didn't he own five houses, built out of his profits, and all let to respectable tenants? And it was known that the only house Hamilton owned beside his big place on the Plaza was one of the houses with red blinds down on the Colorado itself. And of course you know that houses with red blinds are anything but respectable.

"And then the creek," continued Grif, "why, it's handy for water, of course. But fifteen years I've bin here, and I never seed it rise to within four foot of the bottom of the bridge out yonder. I suppose Hamilton thinks it'll flood up by special orders of Providence, to make up for his meanness in the matter of pie and the sort of good, honest grub men likes. I set out the best table for a dollar-house in this city, and I've heard it said that though the Occidental in Main Street does more in the way of table-cloths, its grub ain't better than mine."

"It ain't," said a man who was a week behind with his board. "I stayed there myself when I first came into the town."

"And as for the creek, why, it's handy, but not dangerous," said Grif.

He meandered on all the night about the Lone Wolf, which was just then at a very low stage, and went by, slinking down its bed like a coyote looking for a roosting-place.

But overhead the clouds were black. They had been black for days. They came up from the east and the north, and the south and west. They disappeared, and came again, while on the hot earth was never a breath of moving air, never a sigh of a dying breeze. Far aloft, over the town sunken in its sand dunes which sheltered it from west winds, the clouds gathered and danced, and shifted. They opened out to show a wonderful glimpse of the infinite quiet blue; they shut in with lurid patches over the blue; they became threatening blue themselves. But all the time that the tenderfeet looked for rain next moment, the men who knew held their peace, or shook their heads.

"I've seen it like this for nigh on to three weeks," said old Grif, "and it never rained after all."

And for nearly three weeks more the thunder was in the air, and a storm portending, which never came.

But one evening, when the sky was almost empty of clouds, even in the north-west quarter, there came a dust-storm. The sand from the white dunes was lifted in the air, and spread like a pall over the hot little city. The wind was keen and fierce, and the sand blast drove all living things into shelter. The very dogs whined to be let in; the chickens were wretched and disconsolate, and the odd menagerie of trapped wild beasts which Hamilton kept near his house groaned and grunted. Every door and every window in Colorado City was closed, but into every crack and every opening came sand. It drove like a sandblast against the boards, it hissed on the windows, it piled itself in through the shut doors, it ridged itself in over the sashes. The sun went blazing red and then dun-coloured, disappearing at last in total eclipse.

All mankind was uneasy, snappish, and irritable. The women were querulous and fretful, the children cried, and men were short-tempered. Both at Hamilton's and at Griffiths' the boarders retreated to their rooms, and choked in the fine impalpable sand which irritated their skin and gritted on their teeth. That night the very beds were sandy, and the food served up was rejected with disgust. But at eight o'clock the wind suddenly ceased, and the sand floated to the earth. There was a strange and wonderful afterglow in the west.

"Will there be rain after this, do you think, Griffiths?" asked one of his boarders.

"I hope so," said Griffiths; and even as he spoke he held up his hand.

"Here it comes. Don't you hear the wind?" he said, and looking out of the window they saw a black north-west cloud with forked lightning on its breast. But this time the gale came with soaking rain—with rain such as few had seen in any place but the tropics. Yet in this storm the wind was the dominant factor for one short and terrible half-hour. It came shrieking over the long, open prairie, and roared over suddenly soaked sand dunes, and fell upon the shocked town with a scream. In the outskirts of the city two houses fell, like houses of cards; another and better built one was overturned, and even in the sheltered main street wooden buildings were battered and twisted, and thrust bodily from the supports on which they stood. The solitary brick building which ornamented the main street lost its roof. The wind was solid, like a wave; it filled men's minds with an increasing terror.

Down at Griffiths' the force of the squall was first felt, for the sheltering dunes were on the north and west, and under them the bulk of the town lay. But at the creek the situation was more open.

"She fair rocks," said Hampton, who was at once the clerk and waiter and general chucker-out to Griffiths. For the wind had hold of the house, and now its near and present roar was deafening.

Old Griffiths sat in his chair as white as white sand in moonlight; his cheeks were flaccid and pendulous, his jaw dropped. For this was something away and beyond his experience: he wondered if his house, if all his houses, would hold together, or go like a smitten stack of shingles.

"I built her myself," he whined pitifully, "and if she goes I'm a ruined man. She won't go, she won't."

He piped feebly, and was unheard in the roused crowd of excited men.

"Great Scott!" one said, "hark to it!"

And another said, "Lemme out of this. The blamed house will go up the flume and we shall be in the creek."

But the others urged him to stay, for outside the air was full of flying shingles and tin roofs. Besides, to open the door would be to lift the roof there. The house would be wrecked as if gunpowder were exploded.

So they sat about the sordid general room and wondered. They never heard the rain till the wind ceased, and it ceased, even as it had begun, with startling suddenness. For a moment the uproar of the rain was nothing, and then they saw it was a deluge, something beyond experience and common knowledge. It came into the windows as the sand had done; it washed it under the doors, on the shingle roof it roared like a cataract.

"I'll swim up the Green Front and see if the gamblers are washed out," said one of the men.

He went out, and was soaked to the skin in a moment. He came back in less than a minute.

"I've been to the bridge," said he, "and I tell you what, boys, the Lone Wolf looks as if it meant business. It's almost up to the bridge timbers now."

And even above the roar of the rain they heard the heavier note of a creek in flood.

In the darkness of the night the foamy creek, filled with all the unutterable rubbish of a drought, was a swift grey streak, running fast for the big trestle-bridge two hundred yards away. It carried chips and sticks, and rats squeaking, and drowning sheep, and now the flood trash piled against the bridge flooring.

"I never seed it so high," wailed Griffiths.

"If it comes four foot higher—" suggested the man who had started for the Green Front, and now stood dripping.

"It won't," cried Griffiths angrily. "It never can. I'll prove it to you."

But if he had been on the washed prairie, and had seen every little cut and every canon pouring, and had felt the rain, he would still have shrieked that it was impossible.

And now the silver wolf went sneaking over the flats, and, coming round, joined the main creek once more. The lower prairie was only darkened here and there by islands; the prairie dogs were drowned in their holes, and whip-snakes and rattlesnakes swam for the rocky bluff that led to the higher stretch of broken prairie. Soon the flats on either side of the creek were white with foam, and at last the bridge gave way, with its foundations cut from under it. Now the creek came up its edge on the town side, and crawled over, and sucked at Griffiths' houses, too.

They were built, as most of the houses in the city were, on rough blocks of wood, and were only kept in their places by their weight. That night the lighter buildings were

warped and wind-blown and twisted askew, and though Griffiths' stood the strain of the long squall, a subtler enemy than wind threatened them: for here the creek made a bend, and on the outer edge of the bend the full force of the current came. It cut away the bank inch by inch until the houses were on the very verge of the white water. It rose at last to the height of the flooring, and where the floor-timbers had sagged the lower rooms were in pools.

"It will soon be time to get up and get," said the clerk, and Griffiths chided him angrily.

"Poor old man," said the others; "but he will be a poor old man by the morning."

They went upstairs and brought down their traps; this

But, even so, the old man asked too much from Fate. For the sky was heavier yet, and very low, the rain did not cease, and the Lone Wolf gripped the foundations of his little buildings, and tore them away. As each one fell and beat the water into white foam, the crowd groaned curiously; its murmur was the murmur of subdued excitement at a spectacle; only the boys laughed and splashed about in the water which was in the road, and two feet higher than the floor of the last house.

And suddenly some of them missed the old man. They thought he had gone up town at last, knowing that the end was at hand.

"Where's Grif?" asked one.

And he was answered carelessly. For now the big house was sliding: being broader built than the others, it did not topple, it moved as on a pivot of its far right hand base, and, gradually subsiding, was lifted and afloat. As it swung round they saw a light in the back window, and the man who held it was the man who owned it.

"Come out, Grif!" they cried, but Griffiths took no notice.

"He's mad," they said, and then a quicker-witted man spoke—

"Let's get a rope and go to the railroad-bridge."

As he ran everyone followed, for now the bitter fun was overthere. The next act was at the bridge, or maybe at the cemetery, if the Lone Wolf spared the body of its prey.

Grif sat on the rocking floor of his floating home, holding the ramshackle lamp in his hand. He did not quite know what he was doing there, but even in his confused mind he knew he had nothing to do elsewhere. Even his wife drifted out of his vision. He was simply a poor old man without the strength to build anew what the elements had so unjustly taken from him.

"I was a square man," he muttered, "and I gave 'em good pie. Who says I never set a good table?"

He shook his head feebly and felt dizzy as the house swung round and round. And then it crashed heavily into the wreck of the other houses. For a moment the bridge shook at the strain coming so unfairly. They had built it on an unequal estimate of the possibilities in nature, but even so it held.

But old Grif was insensible in the corner of the room; the lamp was broken, and flames ran up the dry wood, the water was deep, now

lighting up him who lay where the broken building capsized.

"He's coming," said the crowd.

"And he's here," they said. But then they saw the flame leap quickly from one place to another; it caught a dry and jagged splinter, and flew to a ragged curtain hanging lengthwise on a wall; it blazed triumphantly.

"By gosh, but it's the bridge too!" said the man who had brought the rope. And as he spoke the jammed pile of wreckage was all right, and the timbers of the bridge cracked, even in the rain.

But when the bent rails at two ends of the track leading to the bridge pointed down into the emptied gap of the creek, which had swallowed a man and his work, the sky was clear in the north-west.

And they were very full up at Hamilton's.

THE END.



*He shook his head feebly, and felt dizzy as the house swung round and round.*

man a valise, the other a roll of blankets; and one by one they sneaked off quietly up town. They came back again with others, and some persuaded Mrs. Griffiths to leave. The poor woman cried desolately, but her old husband took no notice. He sat quietly in his chair, up which the water had crawled six inches. He never moved when the house sagged over bodily. But then two men took hold of him, and brought him out into the rain.

The furthest house down the creek was the first to go, and the tenants had not been out of it for five minutes before it slid over quietly into the creek, and went sailing down to the bridge, where it brought up.

Old Grif never said a word, but stood and wrung his hands.

"If this house only stands," he moaned, "I don't ask no more."

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

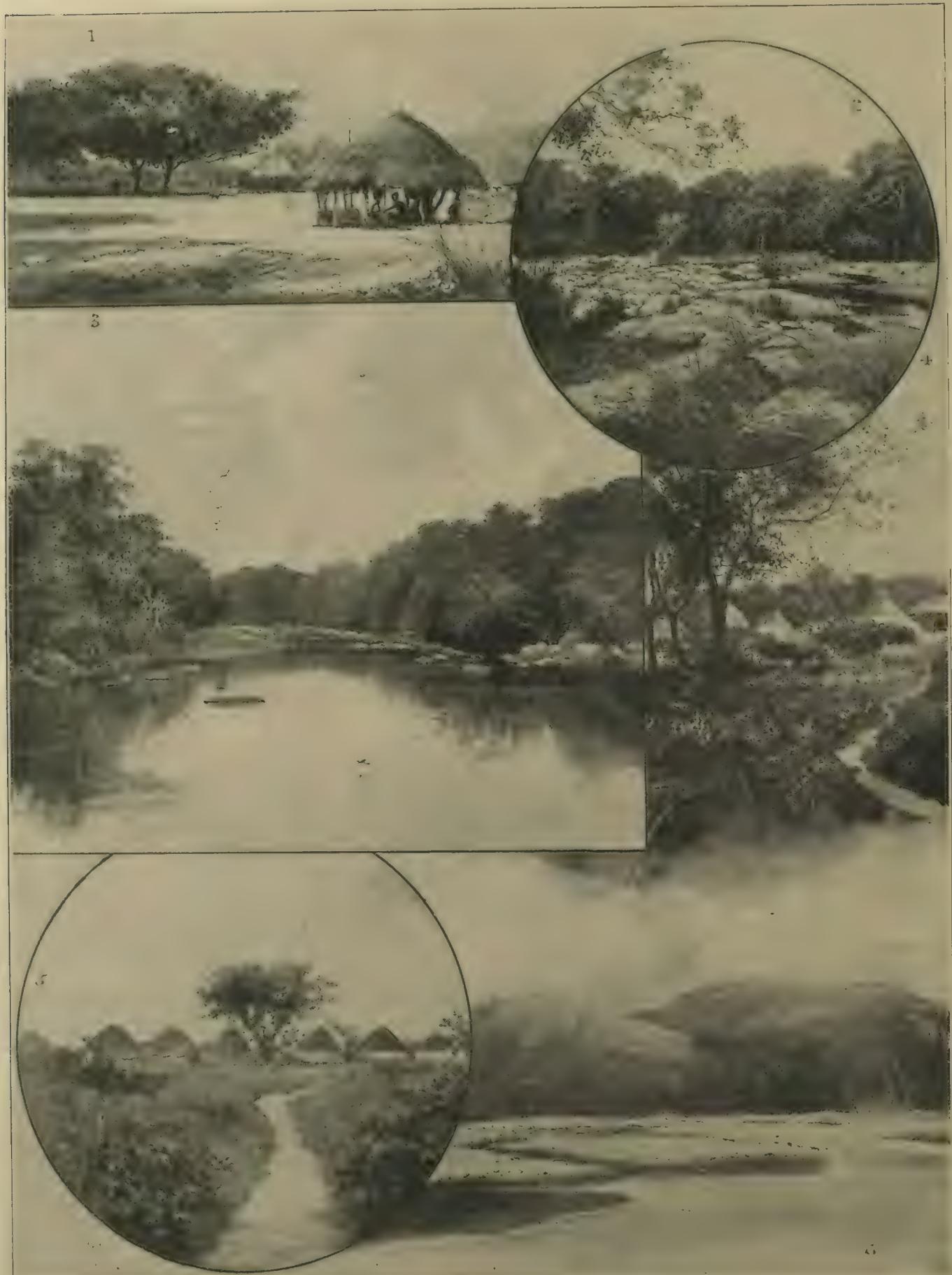
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THE TAKING OF THE SEMPAGHA PASS, OCTOBER 29.



THE FIGHT AT CHAGRУ KOTAL, AS SEEN FROM THE CAMP AT SHINOWRIE.



1. A Native Village. \* 2. The Ocpara River, forming the Anglo-French Boundary. 3. Ocpara River. 4 and 5. Native Villages. 6. Another View on the Ocpara.

THE LAGOS-DAHOMEY FRONTIER QUESTION: SCENES IN THE HINTERLAND DISTRICT NOW UNDER DISPUTE BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND FRENCH GOVERNMENTS.



Mr. Biggart.

Colonel Dyer.

Mr. Andrew Henderson.

Mr. Barnes.

Mr. Sellicks.

THE ENGINEERING STRIKE: PRELIMINARY CONFERENCE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF MASTERS AND MEN AT THE WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL.



THE CHILDREN'S HAPPY EVENINGS ASSOCIATION: VISIT OF LADY FRANCES BALFOUR TO MANSFORD STREET BOARD SCHOOL, BETHNAL GREEN.



FROM W. BLACK, 26, JEROME CHURCH ROAD, LONDON.

INTERIOR OF ST. GILES'S CHURCH, CRIPPLEGATE, BURIAL-PLACE OF MILTON, WHICH NARROWLY ESCAPED DESTRUCTION IN THE RECENT GREAT FIRE.



THE EGYPTIAN OFFICERS WHO SURVIVED THE FALL OF BERBER AND THE TWO DAYS' MASSACRE IN 1894, AND WERE KEPT PRISONERS FOR THIRTEEN YEARS, INTERVIEWED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE SOUDAN, MR. F. VILLIERS.



THE GREAT FIRE IN THE CITY OF LONDON: LOOKING DOWN JEWIN STREET AND JEWIN CRESCENT.

Drawn by W. H. Overend, from a sketch by Julius M. Price.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Sidney Low, whose retirement from the editorship of the *St. James's Gazette* has just been announced, is to be entertained at dinner, with Mr. Edmund Gosse in the chair, next Saturday, by a number of journalistic friends—some of them editors of rival papers. Mr. Low, indeed, has made many friends among his colleagues during his journalistic career, and he must have made a still greater number among that vast army of literary aspirants to whom he has always shown a great deal of kindly thoughtfulness. Mr. Low's resignation has no bearing on his relations with the proprietor of the *St. James's*, or with his colleagues at the *St. James's Gazette* office, who all, indeed, hold him in high esteem. He has resigned simply from a feeling that he was getting into a journalistic rut, and that he would be the gainer by a long spin of travel. In a short time he will start for India, and probably go round the world. I congratulate Mr. Low on the strength of mind which can enable him to take so drastic a step upon so small provocation. It indicates a self-confidence which will not, I am certain, prove at fault. In spite of the enormous number of people who are now engaged in the journalistic profession, it is truer at this moment than it ever was that there are very few really capable journalists. The proprietors of Conservative newspapers will be only too glad to welcome a man so full of strong conviction, so capable of literary expression, and so well equipped with knowledge as Mr. Low. The "Dictionary of English History," which he compiled in conjunction with the late Mr. Pulting, gave one striking example of his capacity—his control of the *St. James's* has given others.

I find I was wrong in assuming that Sir Walter Besant had written the article in the *Times* on publishers' discount. Sir Walter has several times been asked to express his views on this subject in the newspapers, and has always declined on the ground that he was on the Committee of the Authors' Society, to which the Publishers' Association had referred the matter for consideration. A report of that committee will be out in a few days. The writer of the article in the *Times* was Mr. J. A. Stewart, the editor of the *Publishers' Circular*, and a writer who at all times has shown considerable capacity and discernment in his treatment of literary questions. Mr. Stewart is the author of several novels, the best perhaps being "A Millionaire's Daughters," "Self-Exiled," and "Kilgroom," and he has written an entertaining volume of "Letters to Living Authors."

The *Saturday Review* is an ably conducted journal, and the humours of Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Mr. Max Beerbohm are a constant joy to me; but I cannot too often resent the existence of the critic who persists in depreciating Sir Walter Scott. In reviewing Mr. Edmund Gosse's interesting "Short History of Modern English Literature" this week he complains that Mr. Gosse endorses "the average English prejudice in favour of Scott." Now is it not a fact that the writer reflects the "average English prejudice" in thus scorning at one of the two incomparably great British novelists—the only real rival to Fielding? There are two classes who love Scott to-day, and they are the two classes who love Shakespeare. The first class are the schoolboys, who recognise with sound instinct what a good story-teller he is, and it is for these that so many editions are being constantly issued; the second class are the critical literary circle, who have their ablest living spokesman in Mr. Andrew Lang. This class recognise that Scott is not only a brilliant story-teller, with an invention of plot and a manipulation of detail to which his imitators have never approached, but that he is a creator of characters which will live for all time. The Ochiltrees and Mucklebackits of his stories have an undying place in literature. The "average English prejudice," on the other hand, is with this *Saturday Reviewer*. It finds Scott dull, and it compares him unfavourably with the latter-day manufacturer of fiction, who has, to do him justice, not even himself the slightest confidence that his work will live as Scott's lives, seventy years after he is in his grave.

A writer in *Harper's Weekly* tells us that Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's play, "A Lady of Quality," just produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, by Miss Julia Arthur, is far better than her novel of the same name. It must, then, be very good indeed, and should be successful in this country.

Mr. Anthony Hope's sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda"—"Rupert of Hentzau"—which commences in the Christmas Number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, is delightful reading. The first instalment makes one eager for more. But the illustrations are quite unworthy of a shilling magazine, as are nearly all the pictures in the number. Here the *Pall Mall* might learn something from America. It is no excuse to say that the illustrations in the sixpenny magazines are not better, for, as a matter of fact, they are; and most of these magazines are sold at fourpence-halfpenny, whereas the *Pall Mall* costs a shilling net.

Considering Edward Fitzgerald's well-known attachment to capital letters, and the fact that he invariably spelt his name as I spell it here, it is extraordinary that the second Lord Tennyson should have made the blunder throughout his father's biography of spelling the name of the translator of Omar with a small "g." The effect of this has manifested itself in many quarters since: numbers of reviews have continued the error, and one sees even pretentious letters in the newspapers in reference to Mr. Le Gallienno's little version of "Omar Khayyām" which, affecting knowledge of the subject, still continue to spell Fitzgerald's name wrongly. The matter is astonishing to me because, even allowing for the ignorance of editors and of reviewers, one would have thought that Macmillan's printers' readers would have saved Lord Tennyson from such a blunder. Certain it is that the printers' readers of this Journal would not at any time have passed Edward Fitzgerald's name thus wrongly spelled.

C. K. S.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

My remarks regarding filters and filtration have brought me a fair amount of correspondence, which has for its object mostly the expression of surprise that ordinary filters are sold with so many attestations of their ability to purify water when, according to the facts, they are very far from being able to accomplish that desirable end. Of course much depends on what you are understood to mean when you talk of "purifying" water. I take it that this expression means and implies, in the ideas of most people, that all deleterious matters are removed thereby from the water. Nothing short of this extent of purification will certainly suffice to give us confidence in a filter. Suppose that a filter will remove from water suspended matters, say, of vegetable nature, and allow the microbes of disease to pass unmolested, it is evident such an appliance would be utterly useless, and would entail actual danger in its use. We should be trusting to a broken reed truly, for if the water containing typhoid germs was allowed to pass through the filter with the microbes unaltered and unchanged, we should be actually drinking them while under the idea that the water was perfectly pure and unpolluted. Badly filtered water is much worse than unfiltered water. If we know we are dealing with the latter, and that it is not above suspicion, we can at least boil it and be safe. But if we are told that a certain water has been filtered, and if we drink it under the idea that it is pure and unpolluted, while it has only been imperfectly purified, it is evident we may well qualify for disease-attack by reason of the filtration being a delusion and a snare.

It is the sterilising of water—that is, the rendering of it devoid of all traces of microbes—which is to be aimed at in a perfect system of filtration. No doubt a perfectly sterile water, in which there is no sign of germ-life, represents almost an impossibility of ordinary household economics. Nor is it necessary that water should be absolutely sterile to be perfectly safe for drinking purposes. One must not fall into the common error of supposing that all germs contained in water are disease-producing. Ordinary pure drinking-water, like air, is full of harmless microbes, which have no effect whatever on our health. It is the presence of disease-germs in polluted water which constitutes our great danger, and if we are to trust to filtration to save us from germ-attack, it is clear that process must be capable of sterilising the water; otherwise, it is of none avail. Now the ordinary filter, so far from sterilising water, purifies it very imperfectly, and I should say that filters of the charcoal type especially may become highly dangerous after even a few days' use, from the fact that dirty charcoal is a very favourite breeding-ground for germs. I repeat that, short of using a filter which will sterilise water, it is a far better and infinitely safer and simpler process for the householder to boil his supply. What one regrets to note is that so many people place dependence on filters under the idea that they are rendering water absolutely germ-free. The sooner this erroneous notion is corrected, the better will it be for our health and safety all round.

I have already referred to the fact that charcoal has been utterly discredited as a filtering medium in the eyes of sanitarians. Animal charcoal will act for a few days as a filtering agent, but after that it loses its power, and in a month or less water passed through it will be found to contain actually more germs than does the unfiltered water. Again, filters which have as their filtering media blocks of carbon are equally powerless to sterilise water. They allow the water to pass through the pores of the blocks; and on the top of the blocks the matters removed from the water form in time a kind of slimy deposit, which, unless duly removed and regularly cleansed off, will itself render water polluted. The only filters which can be relied on to sterilise water are those of which the Berkefeld and Pasteur-Chamberland types are examples. In Pasteur's laboratory the water—required for scientific purposes, of course, to be absolutely sterile—is forced at high pressure through porcelain. The water is in no wise altered in its composition. It is purified by a mechanical process of filtration, and comes forth freed from all germ-life. Used in the French army, these filters reduced the mortality from typhoid fever by at least 50 per cent. The same story is told us all round of the decrease of disease when water is rendered pure and unpolluted. Glasgow had a mortality from cholera in 1832 of 2842; in 1849, 3772; in 1854, 3886; but in 1866 only 68 people died of cholera in the city. Behold the reason. Up to 1859, Glasgow was drinking impure water. After that date it drank the Loch Katrine supply, and cholera found little foothold within its gates. This alone is a veritable triumph in the way of disease-prevention by ensuring the purity of a water supply.

The Berkefeld filter is an equally efficient filter, and is coming into prominent use as a water-purifying medium. It also is a high-pressure filter—that is to say, it requires to be fixed on to a water-tap so that the water is forced through it under pressure, and it has an advantage over the Pasteur filter in that it does its work more rapidly. The medium through which the water passes in the Berkefeld appliance is a kind of fossilised earth (Kieselguhr), made in the form of a cylinder. It arrests all microbes, and to cleanse the filtering medium the filtering surface is brushed and washed, while to sterilise it, the cylinder is boiled for an hour. The objection to such filters is that they filter slowly is overcome by using several filters coupled together, and the rate of pressure, I believe, is also capable of being increased by a simple contrivance. A great advantage of this type of filter is that it can be so easily cleaned, seeing that as the water passes from without inwards, the matters removed from it are left on the outside of the cylinder, and are therefore readily cleansed away. I suppose that one Berkefeld filter under ordinary pressure will discharge from three to six quarts of water per hour. Water-filtration thus is not a process which can be successfully undertaken without the exercise of care. It is made too light of in ordinary life, and this carelessness entails danger. But it is at least satisfactory to know that in such a filter as that just described we have a means of ensuring safety from the dangers which polluted drinking-water undoubtedly entails.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AND GURKHAS STORMING THE DARGAI RIDGE.

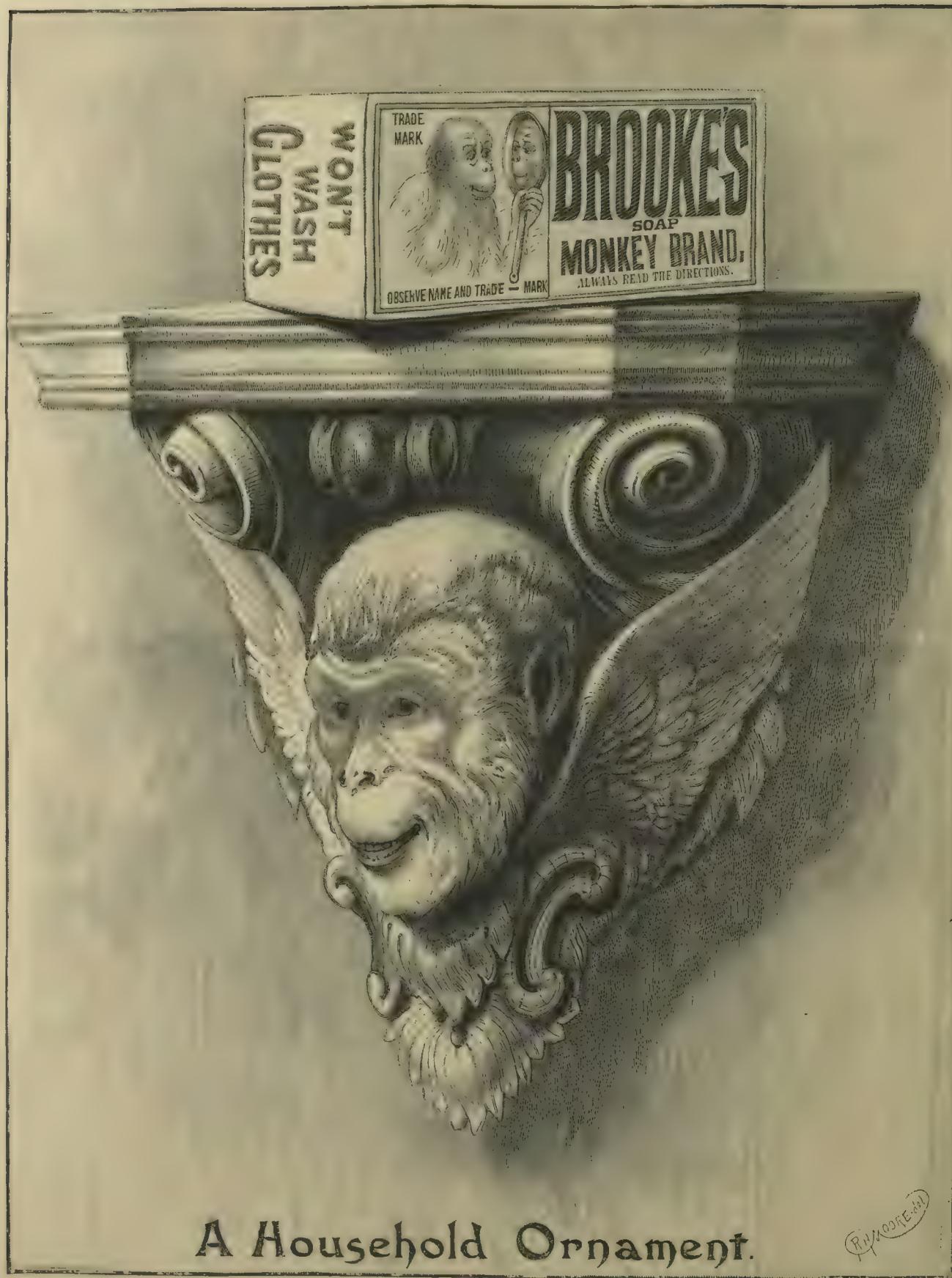
*Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I., from a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.*

PIPER FINDLATER, WHO CONTINUED PIPING WHERE HE FELL, IS SITTING AGAINST THE ROCK ON THE RIGHT, NEAR THE TOP OF OUR ILLUSTRATION.



GRACE.

*After the Picture by J. Boucq.—Exhibited in the Salon des Champs Elysées this Year.*



## A Household Ornament.

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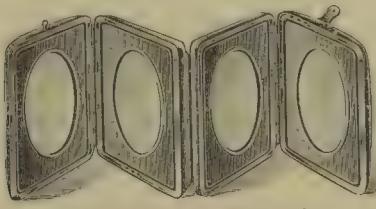
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## LADIES' PAGE.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"In the spring" we are all, for all time, well assured—and on the highest authority—as to the direction of a young man's latest or lightest fancy. What particular form of expression his emotions take is left for us on the outer edge of things to merely surmise. Alternate sonnets and osculation possibly, as appropriate to the ethereal atmosphere of the budding season. But that is a haphazard reflection. Towards Christmas the affections—young or otherwise—however, incline towards the robust; and it is common custom to give them utterance in more tangible if less ecstatic fashion. Forgotten is he or she indeed, whether young or old, rich or needy, who sees no token of friendship, of remembrance, were it only a written greeting, in the horoscope of coming Christmas. At no time, perhaps, has the custom of the *cadeau* prevailed so universally as it does now. I speak feelingly, too, having eight wedding invitations on next month's cause-list already. The unmitigated hospitality extended to acquaintances even beyond the fourth generation by latter-day brides is as persevering and faithful as it is disinterested and doubtless enjoyed. All that notwithstanding, the real spirit of the verb "to give" loses half its spontaneity nowadays when employed in the too active tense consequent on wedding invitations. Custom hedges us round in this matter, and we lose zest; but at Christmas, in the sense of giving or taking, there are freedom and unexpectedness both, so when living up to one particle or another we are equally blessed.

Where to choose these inanimate pledges of affection is again a very pregnant matter of this fruitful time, so many and bewildering are the fascinations of town as seen from the shop-windows. Now, as in Shakesperian days, are persons with "all kinds of appetite," but it is the particular *bonne bouche* which meets a particular fancy that most delights the recipient of a present, and to discover that something of all things desired which is the very acme and apex in the gentle art of gift-giving. Men commonly gave most trouble in this respect. Beyond the inevitable cigarette-case or hunting-crop or letter-case imagination did not go until, through sheer desperation, women branched off into those effeminate and secretly growled at anomalies of silk-embroidered braces and tobacco-pouches. I have done these foolish things myself, so I know! It has been given some inventive genius at Mappin Brothers to strike out a new departure in this matter, and the array of really smart and useful "things" one finds there destined only for men will come



Pocket Miniature-Case.—Mappin Brothers.

as boons and blessings to endless sisters, cousins, and otherwise, who may be even now on the horns of this perennial Christmas dilemma. There are, for instance, at the aforesaid well-known shops in Regent Street and in Cheapside, silver shaving-mugs with ivory and badger brush all complete, which would bring a great anticipatory joy to the owners of incipient moustaches. Neat and handy silver soap-trays well and solidly fashioned, of good British workmanship; sporting envelope-openers in the form of a guardsman's sword and scabbard; date-calendar and letter-clip combined,

the very thing for a busy man of many engagements; quaint and uncommon cigarette-case, with her Majesty's Maundy Thursday moneys let into the cover, a gift of all others for the coin-collector; silver tobacco-jars for the peaceful pipe-lover; a court-plaister pocket case for the doctor or the shawr or the whittler of wood. Then there is the dainty pocket miniature-case, reproduced on this page, or this flower-vase, in hammered silver, for desk or writing-table; or that thing of things for a man's waistcoat-pocket—the flat, envelope-shaped stamp-case, with our own *timbre* in enamel on the cover. For the love-lorn bachelor, how appropriate the "Merry Thought" toast-rack, composed in silver chicken-bones of that ilk; while for those who expand into more portentous presents, dressing-bags of infinite variety and attraction, bearing Mappin Brothers' name, are a standard delight to conjure with.

With women in the case, jewellery, on the other hand, is a never-failing road to favour, and here, indeed, the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, come into—I had almost said pre-eminent evidence, so immense the variety, and so well considered the choice of their designs. Before everything, one must notice the quantity and value of their pearls, a gem which grows rarer—particularly the pearl-shaped sort—because of the demand and consequent

scarcity; pearl-oysters being fractious bivalves, that will not develop jewels to order just because women are waiting to wear them. At the Goldsmiths' Company there are ropes of small pearls with tasseled ends, the cups of sapphire and ruby, which might well dazzle any daughter of Eve. They can be worn knotted about the neck, or for waist-girdles, or fastened about the shoulders of a dinner-gown. In all cases they are mightily lovely and so greatly to be desired. Two rings I also saw there—one with a black, the other a white pearl, each perfect and flawless. I forgot their intrinsic value, but it was great. The new "Kismet" locket, with a tiny watch at the corner, which adds use to beauty, is a registered specialty of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company.

The collet or single string diamond necklace is here in many sizes, varying from great gems, which are in themselves veritable mountains of light, to the small yet no less brilliant stones of different degrees for the deep-level pocket, to misse the jargon of Capel Court. Again, the collar necklace of gleaming pearls, strapped at intervals with diamond clasps, next engages all the available admiration left over from such other unconsidered trifles as five thousand guinea suites of diamond and emerald tiara, necklace, bracelet, earrings, all set with picked stones of matchless size and colour. An immense egg-shaped turquoise, set in the midst of flashing white stones as a pendant, reminded one that this form of decoration is, together with earrings, in for a revival. So also is the necklace of two or more rows of small pearls, with a highly wrought device of diamonds in front—many exquisite specimens of this graceful ornament being on view at all possible prices. Turquoise, never more a vogue than at present, phrases itself to admiration with diamonds, large and small, in this accompanying dainty bangle, all

A Pretty Watch.  
Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company.

and breakfast services for six persons are to be approached here with 26s.; as equivalent Minton or Wedgwood double toilet-sets, making the wash-hand stand an ever-present joy, are to be had for 22s. 6d.; while of screens, French, Spanish, or Japanese, there is such unlimited choice that the Christmas present-bestower may well be tempted to extend his benefactions for the sole delight of buying.

Santa Claus in person should visit Peter Robinson's Bazaar this year. Well might his kindly old eyes kindle at the new-fangled inventions which go to amuse the accustomed palate of century-and childhood as here exhibited. The dear old Noah's ark and drum and doll of our own long-past Christmases are here in perennial youth, indeed, but also the five-guinea phonograph, a triumph of shrill humanity and mechanism combined; also the talking, or rather talkative doll; but how glorified! The motor-car, as arranged for ink and stamps, or in well simulated clockwork motion—trams with tunnels, stations, bridges, turnstiles, all complete, and so on through all the unimaginable wonders of Toyland, which brought us more real delight in their season than all the after gifts which Fate may send us with both hands. Fans, dressing-bags, bicycles, and other attractive items present themselves for the consideration of those who must also cater for the "grown-ups" many-sided wants, and a very distinct and delightful novelty for the writing-table is an ink-bottle of cut crystal, with electro-silver top, in which a perpetual date-calendar cleverly inserts itself; the price of which is 5s. 6d.

We may love all our friends very dearly, but we may not be able to send them all presents adequately expressing our deep-seated affections, however, and it is here that the Christmas-card—to express, at least, our greeting and remembrance—comes in adequately, appropriately, and inexpensively, to deal much in adverbs. Parkins and Gatto, tradesmen of light and leading in this matter, are more than ever to the front this year with a practically limitless supply of specially designed Christmas and New Year's cards, most of which are of exclusive device and English workmanship. Highly ornate cards, with the address and name of the sender, seem most popular at present. Patchwork booklets, with conventional designs in red and black, are very effective; others with daintily painted Jaquard fans, behind which the visiting card is slipped. Delicately toned old-world miniatures were first in favour with me, but for others, with varying standards of beauty, here were "greetings" by the hundred, one hardly less charming than another.

## D R E S S.

Lest it should be, for one moment, supposed that in the excitements of forthcoming Santa Claus I had lost sight of the ever-present Madame Mode, I must, with all possible pomp and circumstance, draw attention to this altogether alluring tea-gown hailing from Viola of well-established fame, and composed of a fine cream canvas over silk of the same, which shows daintily through an exquisite design of inlaid guipure. A band of the same lace trims the freely flowing skirt, the Watteau back emphasises as no other style can do so with the particular motif of the tea-gown. Finally, wide "bell" sleeves of chiffon edged with frills, and a skilfully shaped silver sequin-trimmed white satin waist-belt, complete one of the most seductive garments it can be given woman to wear. One spot of brilliant colour at the waist is a last touch of genius in the cluster of crimson roses that fasten its waist-belt in front.

My second sketch hails, in the sense of its original, from over the Seine, and is a much-pleated bodice of dull

Turquoise and Diamond Bangle.  
Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company.

hearts and circles. A necklace fretwork latticed design in the same duet of jewels was a wonder of the jewel-setter's art. Rings there were endlessly, a tray of picked opals alternating with brilliants claiming my most particular admiration. A specially introduced novelty is the four-leaved shamrock brooch, set variously with ruby, sapphire, or the appropriate emerald, a surround of fine diamonds edging the leaf with a line of brilliant light. These brooches are most approachable in price, and most charming in appearance.

Those who incline to the decorative in domesticity will find all the wherewithal of artistic furnishing at the Old English Furniture Company's Show-rooms, 97, St. Martin's Lane; and a set of their Chippendale chairs, a brace of old sporting prints, a couple of finely fashioned Sheffield wine-coolers, a mahogany brass-inlaid sarcophagus of Dutch ancestry, would singly bring rejoicing to the housewifely bosom of any woman. Most representative indeed is this fine collection of unquestionably genuine antiques, dating from Elizabethan overmantels and buffets of proved pedigree, through their prototypes of Jacobean and Queen Annish days, down to the slender graces of Chippendale's spindle-legged, quaintly carved household gods. Amongst the wares dating from the time of this master craftsman are numbers of unusually fine specimen sideboards. The beautiful inlay of Sheraton is also largely in evidence on chair, table, and sideboard of satinwood and mahogany; and the delightful Welsh dresser, which displays china plate or silver goblet to admiration, is on view in variously fascinating and quaintly devised shapes. Not least important in this connection is, furthermore, the sweet reasonableness of price which distinguishes all that the Old English Furniture Company offers us of the curious and beautiful.

On the way back, and passing the National Gallery, which, I blush to own, I have never penetrated, Hamptons' smart shop suggested itself as one not to be passed by in the peregrinations of a pamphleteer, and I accordingly "stepped in" to gather impressions of embarrassing riches in old brocades dating back even unto the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; of medieval altar lamps in old Italian workmanship, whose embossed and cunningly chased sides are now adapted to the less dim and less religious usages of electric-lighted halls; of silver-mounted stoneware beakers, which have travelled down the centuries without crack or change since questionable Queen Bess rode through her pliant people. Many lovely and interesting relics of olden time in many countries are, indeed, foregathered at Hamptons' side by side with the best expression of our comfort-loving and fastidious modern manners, from the latest evolution in brocade-covered deep-seated arm-chairs to the silver cherub holding that silk-shaded electric-lamp by which we peruse the last muddy effusion of the last erotic lady novelist. Nor need it be supposed that Hamptons' only deal with the most costly and unget-at-able of ancient and modern matters. Delightful little tea



A CHARMING TEA-GOWN.

Silver Flower-Vase.  
Mappin Brothers.

raspberry-coloured cashmere, narrow straps of white, finely braided with narrow black silk cord and jet beads, emphasising the *chic* of this well-considered gown. Delightfully soft and brown opens the upstanding sable collar over a pointed vest matching both these side strapplings and the waistband to wit besides. The hat of dull olive felt and velvet, one shade deeper, trimmed with



A NEW BODICE.

shaded ibis wings, curled *à la mode*, can but finally be described as all that is of the most ravishing. Is it necessary to add as N.B. that white suède gloves are the correct accompaniment of this altogether? SYBIL.

## NOTES.

H.R.H. the Duchess of York, much to the satisfaction of the members of the Needlework Guild, has consented to become the President of that branch of the Guild over which her late mother used to preside. A very interesting letter has reached me, written by order of the lamented Duchess of Teck only three days before her death, in reply to query from some of the Guild workers as to whether the Roman Catholic poor should be allowed to share in the benefits of the charity. The Duchess instructed her lady-in-waiting to say that "poverty is the one claim to be considered by the Needlework Guild, irrespective of any creed or sect. This is a point on which H.R.H. is very strong, knowing that we are commanded in the Bible to 'feed the hungry and clothe the naked,' but nowhere are we commanded to distinguish between creeds." This broad-minded view of charity is probably the last message of the lamented Princess Mary to her co-workers in good deeds.

On Nov. 17 H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany personally opened in St. James's Palace Banqueting-Room, by permission of the Queen, the annual display of garments made during the past year by the members and associates of the Guild resident in Middlesex. The grand total of the garments on show is 19,321 articles. Great power of organisation is shown by the ladies concerned in the management in classifying and distributing the garments. These are, in the first place, sorted into sizes and separated according to whether they are intended for women, men, girls, boys, or babies; and then are further distributed into bundles according to the admitted claims of the various clergy, schools, and charitable associations, through whom they are distributed to the individuals of the poorest classes, who will wear them during the coming cold weather. It is rather shocking to hear that the Duchess has learned that some of the clergy were making a practice of *selling* the articles granted cheaply to the poor, and using the money for Church purposes, building and the like! H.R.H. now requires a promise that this shall not be done. The infants' clothes are, many of them, made according to a simplified pattern which has found favour with the Duchess of Albany; and she has had the outfits for the tiniest ones made up into parcels to supply all the wants of the infantile wardrobe in each case, and not to give a surplus of one sort of garment and leave a deficiency in another.

Though women are sternly excluded in this country still from every branch of the legal profession—a solicitor having been refused leave to practise his own daughter to himself, and the Inns of Court having declined the company at the necessary dinners of a lady would-be barrister—still it is open to us to plead our own causes. With the brilliant exception of Mrs. Weldon, lady litigants appearing in person have not hitherto covered themselves with glory (any more than men in similar circumstances!) But last

week a lady appeared in Bloomsbury County Court who, though in fact a dressmaker, deserves to be immediately transferred to the more distinguished sphere of the law. She brought an action against a railway company for £15, the value of two silk dresses lost by the defendants in transit. It appears that the Carriers Act relieves the company of liability for more than ten pounds' worth of silk, unless the value has been declared before sending. The plaintiff, however, claimed that this was exclusive of trimmings and the cost of making, and she was amply able to meet the legal gentleman appearing against her, not only in mere argument but also in the citation of cases interpreting the law. Every case cited by the opposition lawyer she was acquainted with already, and argued with firmness but perfect temper against his inferences. Ultimately the Judge gave his decision in her favour, saying the point taken by the young lady was a novel one, but he came to the conclusion that she was right; otherwise no lady would be able to recover for the loss of her portmanteau if it contained silk dresses.

An extraordinary craze for physical development has seized the minds of our Government officials. A standard of weight has recently been set by the authorities for young officers for the Army which would have disqualified, in their youth, the chief military commanders of the day; and now it is announced, not merely that all girls must be a certain height on entering the postal service, but that they must go on growing at a certain pace. No girl will be taken if less than five feet high, and on her nineteenth birthday she must have elongated two clear inches! Efforts are being made to induce the Duke of Norfolk to refuse his assent to this rule, as it seems absurd that, after the expense of training, the ordeal of passing a high examination (the competition for these posts being so keen that really good acquirements have been shown by the few successful ones), and two or more years' good service, girls should be liable to be thrown on the world again for lack of half an inch increase in their stature. It is justifiable to fix an entrance standard of height, but surely not so to require a fixed increase in that height during two succeeding years.

F. F.-M.

## CHESS.

*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*  
MAXWELL JACKSON.—Your analysis is somewhat faulty. If I play 14. B takes P (ch), then 14. K to R sq; Kt takes B P; 15. B takes P (ch); 16. Q takes B (must); 16. Q takes P (ch); Q to Q 2nd; 17. Q takes Q (ch); K takes Q; 18. R takes B, and wins.

LLOYD E PALM.—There was no trouble whatever, such mistakes are easily made.

C W (Sunbury).—Many thanks, we hope to find them correct this time.

SIGMA.—We shall be most pleased to include you amongst our solvers.

Your solution is quite correct.

G. T. HUGHES.—We fear you have scarcely grasped the art of problem construction.

ANTONIO DE LACORDA (Bahia).—We cannot remember receiving your letter, but are making inquiries into the matter.

CHEVALIER DESANGERS.—One of your problems is marked for insertion, the other, in which the White King stands at Q Kt 2nd, can be also solved by 1. B takes B; 2. R takes B; 3. Kt to Kt 5th, etc.

LE JEUNE.—We regret we cannot accept your problem. It is sound, but the idea is very, very old.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2788 and 2789 received from C. A. M. DESANGERS of No. 2790 from R. J. Tarapuvala (Bombay); of No. 2791 from T. H. D. B. (London); and Thomas Devilin (Aratta, Cal.) of No. 2792 from Professor Clark & Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2793 from James Clark (Chester) and Professor Clark (London); of No. 2794 from T. C. D. (Dublin); James Clark, Professor Charles Wagner, and C. M. A. B.; of No. 2795 from Edward J. Sharpe, D. Newton (Lisbon), Avalon, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Cork).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2796 received from M. Hobhouse (London); T. H. D. B. (Colchester); Le Jeune, G. Birnbach (Berlin); E. B. Ford (Cheltenham); A. W. (Dundee); J. O. M. Meurs (Brussels); W. Floyd, T. C. D. (Dublin); Percy Osborne, B. W. Morris (Glasgow); F. Hooper (Putney); C. H. Marriott; Mrs Wilson (Plymouth); J. Lloyd; E. Palmer (Bexhill); J. F. Moon, Julie Short (Exeter); C. E. Pennington; F. Meredith (Buxton); F. A. Carter (Maldon); Shadforth, W. D'A. Barnard (Uppingham); C. M. A. B.; Fred Dawson (Norwich); W. B. Clifton (M. Lynn); J. E. D. Smith (Leek); D. Bernard, Hermie, Captain Spencer, F. W. C. (Edinburgh); Edward J. Sharpe, Captain (Islington); Dorothy Clayton (Derby); Alpha, G. T. H. Hayes (Potters Bar); W. G. W. Wick (Chester); R. H. Brooks, Sigma, Thomas Harrington, J. Hall, John G. Lomax (Castleton); Miss D. Gezroog, D. F. St. Max Blame (Harrow); E. Louren, T. Roberts, W. B. Green (Worcester); J. Bailey (Newark); F. J. Candy (Croydon); R. E. B. (Chelmsford), and Edith Corser.

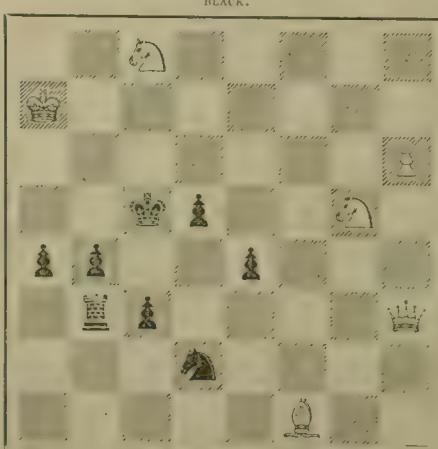
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2795.—By G. GOPAUL MUTHY CALL.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to R 6th	K takes R
2. B to B 4th (ch)	K takes B
3. Q to Kt 5th, mate.	

If Black play 1. K takes Kt; 2. Q to B 2nd (ch); and if 1. K to R 5th, or 1. B to Kt 4th; then 2. Q to Q 2nd (ch), etc.

## PROBLEM NO. 2798.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

The match between Messrs. Janowski and Walbrodt, after an exciting contest, terminated in favour of the former by four games to three. This success is all the more remarkable as at one time Mr. Janowski seemed hopelessly behind, but apparently Mr. Walbrodt's patience was unequal to the strain of a prolonged match.

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

During the last five or six years I have so often had to rectify inaccurate accounts of the hurried departure of Empress Eugénie from the Tuilleries on Sept. 4, 1870, that I begin to doubt whether the real facts are entirely known. The death of Dr. Thomas Evans, the famous American dentist, who escorted the Empress to the French coast on the following day (Sept. 5), has reminded me of the whole episode once more, and I now give the particulars as they were told to me one afternoon more than a decade since by the late Ferdinand de Lesseps in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, whither he was in the habit of coming now and then.

Empress Eugénie and Lesseps were cousins once removed; and when, during the night of Sept. 3-4, he was informed that the workmen of the faubourgs had been told to gather on the Place de la Concorde for Sunday midday, although they were warned "not to carry arms," his own shrewd sense told him that the latter recommendation was scarcely more than a blind, and he began to entertain fears for the safety of his august relative. He made up his mind to draw up a short declaration, "confering the powers hitherto enjoyed by the Empress to the Chamber," and before submitting it to her, to consult Emile de Girardin upon the expediency of it. Girardin approved, and Lesseps repaired to the Tuilleries at once.

It was very early in the morning, and the lady-in-waiting on duty told him that there was as yet absolutely no news from the outside. The Marchioness de Las Marismas added that nothing had been done to ensure the Empress's safety in the event of disturbances. The Empress had only sent for change of a five-hundred-franc note, but seeing that nearly every shop was closed, no change was forthcoming. Lesseps's domicile, which was, I believe, in the Rue St. Florentin, being close to the Tuilleries, he himself went for change, and returned to the Château within twenty minutes. It was then nearly nine o'clock. Before entering the private apartments of the Empress, Lesseps had run against the Minister of the Interior (M. Chevrey, if I remember rightly), and the Minister of Foreign Affairs (Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne), neither of whom appeared to know what was going on. Thus far Lesseps's story; and when I interrupted him by asking where the Minister for War who could have informed him was, he told me that at nine there was no sign of him. He also met on the staircase old Prince Murat, who suggested a slight addition to the document just mentioned, and Lesseps went into another room to carry out the suggestion.

At that very moment Trochu was with the Empress, who had given orders that no one should be allowed to disturb them. Shortly afterwards Trochu appeared, and Lesseps was admitted. The Empress approved of the document, saying that someone else had advised her to the same effect, but that she could do nothing without having consulted her Ministers, who were to meet soon. At eleven the Empress sent Lesseps word that the Cabinet had declined to act upon the recommendation, and at the same time told him to go into luncheon with Madame de Las Marismas. In the middle of the repast—"a very silent one" Lesseps said significantly, "there was a sound of cavalry, and on looking out of the window, I came to the conclusion that this was the last luncheon the imperial household would take in the Tuilleries."

When the luncheon was over, Lesseps, with Madame de Las Marismas, kept looking out of the window, and his opinion that the end was near only became more and more confirmed. Thereupon the news came that the Chamber was about to be invaded. Nevertheless, the Empress refused to make a decision until she knew what had really happened. The Chamberlain on duty was about to be despatched to that effect; Lesseps offered to go instead. "When I got to the Quai d'Orsay I knew it was all over, and I returned as soon as I could to the Tuilleries. The Empress was in consultation with the Austrian and Italian Ambassadors. In a little while, General de Montebello, one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, arrived. He was in 'mufti,' as you English have it. He wished to take the orders of the Empress, having found General Mellinet, the Military Governor of the Tuilleries, parleying with three delegates of the people." Lesseps asked once more to be admitted to the Empress. In a little while, after going through several rooms, he was told that the Empress was gone. She had departed by way of the galleries of the Louvre; her own rooms were completely deserted. In the ante-chamber were several of her ladies-in-waiting, who had come to take her commands, and who could only express their regrets at not having been able to be of service to her and to bid her farewell.

The rest is known. The Empress made her way unmolested in a hackney cab to Dr. Evans. To begin with, she was not recognised. Secondly, if she had been, it is more than doubtful whether she would have been hindered from going. All those who have endeavoured to represent the events of Sept. 4, 1870, in Paris, as a tragedy resembling in a greater or lesser degree the three previous Revolutions, have been simply laughed at for their pains. Not a drop of blood was shed on that day. The Empress made no attempt to influence the Chambers in favour of her son and the dynasty, as did the grandmother of the present Duc d'Orléans in 1848. Her exit was a surreptitious one, unlike that of Princesse Clotilde, the daughter of Victor Emanuel, the worthy wife of an unworthy husband. She drove down the Rue de Rivoli in an open carriage, preceded, I believe, by an outrider. She remembered her father's words after Novara: "Our family is familiar with the road to exile, and we take it with heads erect." The Empress's flight, lacking in heroism as it did, does not detract from the service rendered to her by Dr. Thomas Evans.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.



Footman: A glass of Champagne Sir!  
Nobleman: No thanks, I dare not drink it,  
Host: Don't be afraid! try Laurent-Perrier "Sans-Sucre"  
and you will change your mind.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1891), with a codicil (dated Oct. 15, 1894), of Mr. Ellis Duncombe Gosling, of Busbridge Hall, Godalming, who died on Oct. 29, was proved on Nov. 16, by Charles Salsbury Mainwaring and Francis Monckton, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £508,218. The testator gives £20,000 to his stepfather, John Charles Francis Ramsden; £25,000 and the painting, "Old London Bridge," by Turner, to his mother Emma Susan Ramsden; £50,000, upon trust, for his sister, Vere Viscountess Galway, for life, and then to her son, the Hon. George V. A. Monckton; £20,000 each to his half-brothers, Frederick William Ramsden, Richard Henry Ramsden, Caryl John Ramsden, Henry Ramsden, and Josselyn Vere Ramsden; £10,000 each to his cousins, Robert Cunliffe Gosling, Seymour Frederick Gosling, and William Sullivan Gosling; £5,000 to his uncle Edward Hugh Leycester Penrhyn; £5,000 each to his aunt, Mrs. Mostyn Owen, and her daughter Diana Owen; £8,000 to his friend, John Eyre; £7,000 each to his executors; £10,000 each to his butler, George Kitson, and his housekeeper, Mary Stephenson; £5,000 to Dr. Royle; £500 each to his housemaid, Anne Jessop, and his groom, George Titley; his colt "Gleamaway," and the filly, by "Child of the Mist" out of "Martyr," to Lady Mabel Howard; and many legacies to servants and specific gifts to relatives. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his niece and goddaughter, the Hon. Violet Frances Monckton; for life, and then to her children as she shall by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1893), with a codicil (dated Feb. 4, 1896), of Mr. Thomas Hardy, of Bulwell Hall, Notts, who died on June 27, was proved on Nov. 15 by Mrs. Mary Ann Hardy, the widow, the Rev. Thomas Barker Hardy, the son, and Richard Fitzlugh, J.P., three of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £411,157 gross, and £265,977 net. The testator bequeaths £200 to the Nottingham General Hospital; £50 each to the Dispensary, the Children's Hospital, the Eye Hospital, the Women's Hospital, and the Midland Institute for the Blind, all at Nottingham; £50 to the Home for Boys at Farnham and Swanley; such a sum as, when invested, will bring in perpetually two sums of £10 per annum, each to be paid to the Rectors and churchwardens of Bulwell and of Kimberley for distribution in coals, blankets, etc., at Christmas-time among the poor of their respective parishes; and two sums of £5 per annum each to the Rector and churchwardens of Heanor and the minister and deacons of the Congregational Chapel at Marlpool for similar purposes. He also gives £500, his farm stock, and consumable stores, and during her widowhood an annuity of £1500, to be reduced to £500 per annum in the event of her remarriage, to his wife; £5000 each to his sons, Francis Alexander, Charles, William Ebenezer, and Frederick; £6000 to his son John Henry; £11,500 to his son Thomas Barker; £2000, and £18,000, upon trust, for his daughter Annie Tyzack Hardy; £200 each to his manager and brewer; and £1 to each man and 10s. to each boy who has been in his

employ one year. Mrs. Hardy is to have the use during her widowhood of the Bulwell Hall Estate, and to receive the rents and profits thereof, but at her death or remarriage, or should she cease to reside there, then it is to be sold, and the proceeds are to fall into his residuary estate. He devises the perpetual right of presentation to the living of Bulwell, and also certain freehold property there to his son Thomas Barker. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his six sons, Thomas Barker, Frederick, Francis Alexander, Charles, William Ebenezer, and John Henry, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 6, 1888) of Mr. William Danby, of Elmfield, Exeter, and of Budleigh Salterton, who died on Sept. 30, was proved on Nov. 11 by William Henry Cobb and William Arthur Bradford, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £104,895. The testator gives £2000, all the money in his house and standing to his current account at Messrs. Milford, Snow, and Co., £350 South-Western Stock and £300 Great Western Stock, to his wife, Mrs. Frances Danby. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for her for life. At her decease he devises his real estate in Devonshire to his son, William Edwin Danby; and his freehold property at East Rounton and Littlebeck, Yorkshire, upon trust, for his said son for life, and then as he shall appoint to his issue. His residuary personal estate he leaves between his son William Edwin and his daughters Frances, Emma, Geraldine Kate, and Mrs. Lucy Domville, and the children of his deceased daughter Mrs. Rose Bradford.

The will (dated July 14, 1891), with four codicils (dated Feb. 19, and Dec. 8, 1893; Dec. 7, 1894; and July 30, 1895), of Mr. Henry Haig, of 9, Brunswick Square, Brighton, and of the Distillery, Hammersmith, and formerly of 12, Ennismore Gardens, and Winkfield, near Windsor, who died on Oct. 21, was proved on Nov. 15 by Mrs. Annie Haig, the widow, Colonel Francis George Oldham, and Thomas Haig, the great-nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £11,166. The testator bequeaths £2000, and the income of £20,000, to his wife for her life. He devises his estate called Bemersyde, at Plaistow, to his son, Niel Wolsey Haig, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety, upon trust, for his daughters and the children of any deceased daughter, and the other moiety, as to £20,000 part thereof, upon trust, for his son Niel, and the remainder thereof to his said son absolutely, but sums advanced to his son are to be brought into account. He appoints his son a director of the Hammersmith Distilleries, Limited.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1893), with two codicils (dated Nov. 10, 1896, and Aug. 10, 1897), of Mr. Thomas Flemming, of 18, Ladbroke Gardens, Notting Hill, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on Nov. 12 by Alice Maria Flemming, Mrs. Adela Whalley-Cole, and Mrs. Ethel Welchman, the daughters, the executrixes, the value of the personal estate being £35,230. The testator bequeaths £100 to his son, Thomas Walter Flemming; £30 each to his nephews, William and Arthur Flemming; a mortgage

debt for £2000 and 300 shares in Waterlow and Sons, Limited, to his daughter Alice Maria; and 250 of such shares each to his daughters, Mrs. Whalley-Cole and Mrs. Welchman. He devises his freehold houses Nos. 15, 16, 17, Ladbroke Gardens, to his daughter Alice Maria; Nos. 18, 19, and 20, to his daughter Mrs. Whalley-Cole; and Nos. 21, 22, and 23, to his daughter Mrs. Welchman; and he charges his freehold premises, No. 29, Little Queen Street, Holborn, with the payment of £12 per month, upon trust, for his son, Thomas Walter Flemming. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his three daughters.

The will (dated May 21, 1897), with a codicil (dated July 22, 1897), of the Very Rev. Charles John Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, formerly Head Master of Harrow and Master of the Temple, of the Deansery, Llandaff, who died on Oct. 15, was proved on Nov. 16 by Mrs. Catherine Maria Vaughan, the widow, and Edward Vaughan Thompson, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £22,208. The testator bequeaths to the Dean and Chapter of Llandaff certain alterations and additions he has made at the Cathedral Schools; the picture of Mr. Vaughan Hawkins to Harrow School; the painting of himself, by George Richmond, to Rugby School; another picture of himself to the Cardiff Corporation; £1000 to the Rev. Ernest Owen, Head Master of the Cathedral Schools, Llandaff, and during such time as he shall remain there two sums of £30 per annum for the "Dean's Scholars," and £50s. per annum for prize books; his "Plato" in four vols. to Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, and at the decease of Mrs. Vaughan a drawing of himself, by George Richmond, to the Benchers of the Temple. He further bequeaths his furniture and household effects and the use for life of his plate and pictures to his wife; £1000 each to his brothers Sir John Luther Vaughan and the Rev. David James Vaughan; £50 per annum to his sister, Elizabeth Emma Vaughan, for life; £100 per annum to his brother Edward Thomas Vaughan, and his wife, Mary, during the life of Mrs. Vaughan; and specific gifts and legacies to relatives and friends. He also gives to his wife the "Life of the Prince Consort," given to him by her Majesty, with her autograph therein. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her decease, as to one half thereof, upon trust, for his brother Edward Thomas Vaughan, and his wife and children; and the other half thereof, upon trust, for the children of his deceased sister Sarah Dorothea Simpkinson.

The will (dated June 18, 1894), with a codicil (dated Feb. 26, 1897), of Mr. Henry Allen Bathurst, of 22, Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, who died on Oct. 17, was proved on Nov. 12 by the Venerable Frederick Bathurst, Archdeacon of Bedford, the brother, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £19,745. The testator gives £100 to his brother, the Rev. Stuart Eyre Bathurst; £400 to his sister, Catherine Anne Bathurst; £1500 to his brother, the Rev. Andrew Robert Bathurst; £700 and £1500 to his brother, Archdeacon Bathurst; his furniture and household effects between his brothers Frederick, Algernon, and Andrew Robert, and his sister-in-law Mary Finlayson Bathurst; and legacies to his manservant,

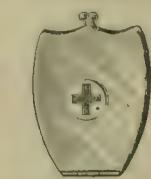
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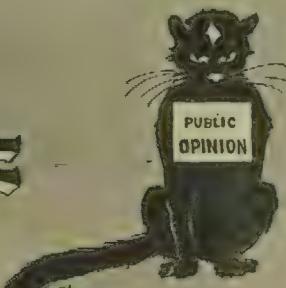
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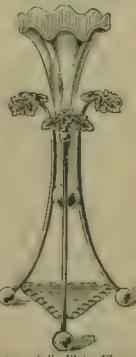
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housekeeper, and maid. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one quarter each, to his brothers, Algernon, Frederick, and Robert Andrew, and the remaining quarter, upon trust, for his sister Mary Finslayson Bathurst during her widowhood, and then to her five sons.

The will (dated June 15, 1887), with a codicil (dated Oct. 30, 1891), of Mr. Richard Holland Bradley, M.D., of 91, Philbeach Gardens, Earl's Court, and formerly of Richborough House, Surbiton, who died on Oct. 18, was proved on Nov. 10 by Herbert Bradley, the son, and Elmhurst Orger Dunn, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £19,553. The testator gives £100, his last will (1881), plate, pictures, etc., and an annuity of £40 to his wife, Mrs. Sophia Mary Bradley; £1000 to his son, Herbert Bradley; and £200 to his servant, Elizabeth Smith. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one half thereof, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Dunn, and her children; one fourth to his son, Orton Bradley; and the remaining one fourth, upon trust, for his daughter, Bertha Fanny Bradley.

The will and two codicils of Mr. Francis Elecock Massey, J.P., of Poole Hall, Poole, near Nantwich, who died on April 18, were proved in the Chester District Registry on Oct. 27 by William Henry Hornby and William Gwynne Massey, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £555.

The will, with a codicil, of Mr. Hugh Standing, of 55, Bridge Street, Heywood, Lancashire, who died on

Sept. 6, has been proved by Mrs. Eliza Williamson, the daughter, and the Rev. Thomas Mather Standing, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6201.

The will and three codicils of Mr. George David Erskine, of 7, Montpellier Terrace, Cheltenham, who died on Sept. 12, have been proved in the Gloucester District Registry by James Batten Winterbotham, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £6707.

#### ART NOTES.

Whether our eyes and taste have insensibly been levelled up to the standard of New English Art, or whether its exponents have condescended to recognise the demands of the public, is a question which had better not be answered. At any rate, the present exhibition of the New English Art Club at the Dudley Gallery is very much more attractive to the casual visitor than many of its predecessors have been. This is the more surprising, as there has been little change in the members of the club. Mr. Brabazon, Mr. Buxton Knight, Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mr. B. Priestman, Mr. B. Sickert, Mr. Arthur Tomson, and Mr. Henry Tonks are still among its more prominent leaders; and they draw after them a number of disciples from all quarters of the kingdom. Mr. C. H. Shannon's portrait of Miss Hargood in fancy dress (48), "A Souvenir of Van Dyck," naturally suggests the question, "Why bring in Van Dyck?" It was not customary with the Dutch

artist in his work to sacrifice the face to the figure or the figure to the costume. Mr. Moffat Lindner's "Sunset after Rough Winter" (49) is a very perplexing colour-problem boldly faced. Mr. Conder's "Alsace Landscape" (53) is wrapped in a golden haze, which is as effective in blurring outline as a London fog; while Mr. E. J. Sullivan attempts to take up in water-colour (5) Mr. Conder's work in schemes of colour, without, however, quite attaining the delicacy of his forerunner. Mr. D. S. MacColl has seldom been more happy in his inspirations than in the little bit of sky and foliage entitled "Poplar and Willow" (3); and in his "Glade in Bushy Park" (34) he shows that he can also paint with strength; but one cannot quite understand how the bright sunlight does not affect the trees in the background. Mr. Brabazon's "Sunset in Sussex" (30), Miss Hogarth's "Studies in Lincoln" (21 and 24), among the water-colours; and Mr. J. Buxton Knight's "Near Eversley" (65), Mr. J. L. Henry's "October Woodland," and Miss Amy Draper's "Tidal Loch" (87) are among the many attractive works which show that the New English Art is coming within the grasp of ordinary lovers of pictures.

Josef Israels is an instance of a genius whose merits were better, or at least earlier, appreciated outside the country of his birth. As far back as 1862 he was recognised here as a poet in painting, and gradually this estimate of his work has been endorsed by his own countrymen. At the Goupil Gallery (Regent Street) a collection of Israels' works is now to be seen, which, embracing the greater period of his life as an artist, show how almost at a single

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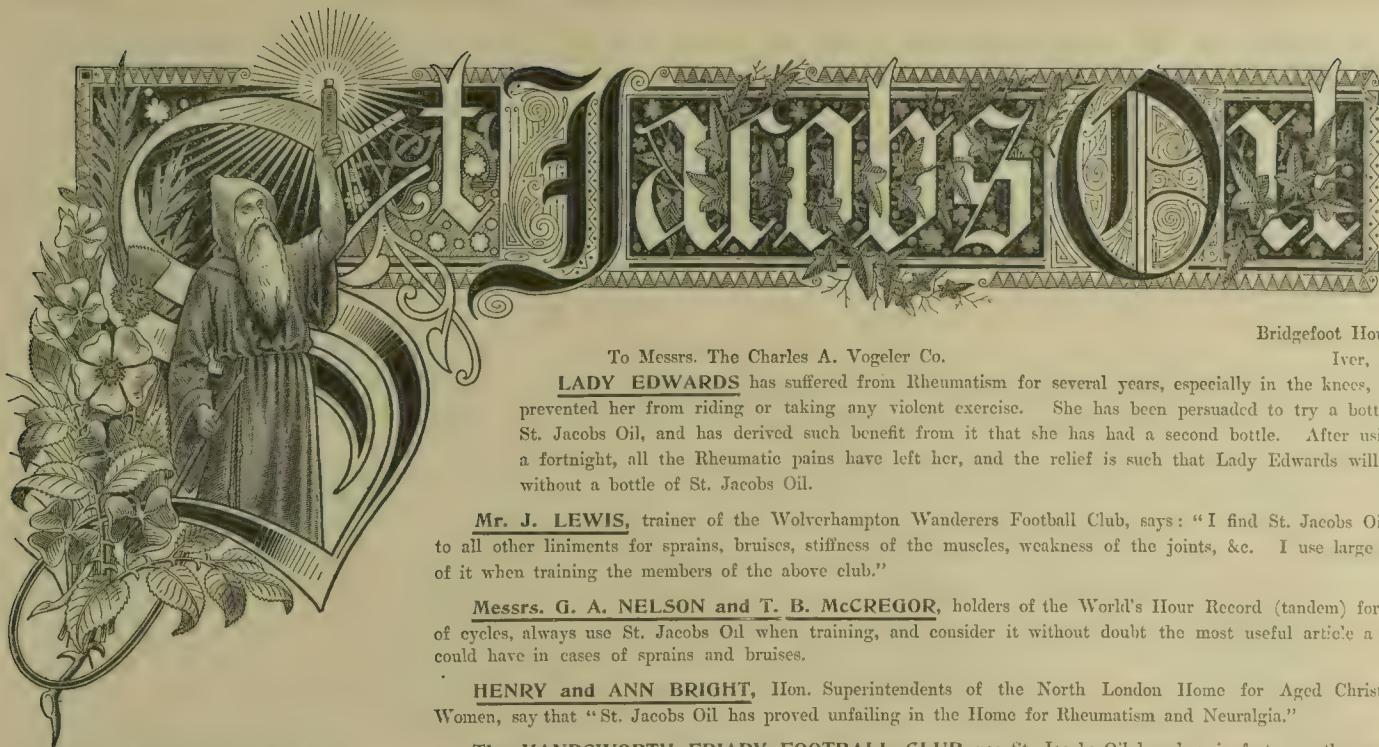
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bound he leaped into the position he now occupies. His talent lies with the scenes of the opening and closing of life, among shepherds and fisherfolk, in the cottage and on the shore. He is often pathetic, always restrained, and never dramatic; and if the interesting collection suggests that he was not wholly original in his ideas, it will confirm the opinion that in technical work he stands unsurpassed by the artists of any school.

Without being able to reach the enthusiasm expressed by an artist-critic on the merits of Mr. William Estall's work, we willingly admit that his pictures in oil and water colours, now on view at the Dutch Gallery, Brook Street, (Hovev Street), reveal a power of more than average merit who has hitherto attracted little notice. Mr. Estall has obviously studied in Paris, and has imbued the traditions of the Romantics in landscape-painting. His own skilful handling, combined with a somewhat different sense of colour from theirs, supplies a note of sympathy between him and his teachers, but relieves them of the charge of mere imitativeness. If on the Yorkshire moors he lets loose his fancy, as in such colour-schemes as his deep-blue "Dawn" (17), he restricts himself to the strictest interpretation of life around him in the valley of the Arun, which is his favourite painting-ground. Mr. Estall shows very forcibly, and often very attractively, how

the methods of Corot and Durbigny may be applied to the painting of English scenery; and the moorland of West Sussex, with its soft shadows and fleecy clouds, is admirably suited to his style. In such a picture as the "Evening Pastoral" (35) we see Mr. Estall at his best, displaying a more than average power in the poetic treatment of landscape. "The Bridge" (5) is, perhaps, his most ambitious work in the pursuit of his own ideal; but the outlines of the reflected trees are somewhat too severe, and the general tone of the picture too low to make it attractive to the general public. With regard, however, to the majority of the fifty works here brought together, Messrs. Wisselingh may be cordially congratulated, for they bear witness to the capabilities of an English artist who, for their aid and appreciation might long have remained obscure.

Mr. Henry A. Harper's water-colour drawings at the Fine Art Society's Gallery (New Bond Street) do not attempt to enter into competition with M. Tissot's works which are to be seen on the opposite side of the street. Both artists, however, deal with Jerusalem and the Holy Land, and both have the reputation of being careful and intelligent observers. How it comes that their renderings of the same places convey such different impressions to the mind of the untravelled spectator is one of those points which had better be left to the psychologist. Mr. Harper has, we believe,

spent a quarter of a century in the Holy Land, and has learnt to know its aspects and the habits of its people. On a former occasion at this gallery he exhibited a collection of pictures dealing chiefly with the topographical features of the country. This exhibition is apparently designed more to show the picturesque side of the country and of its inhabitants than to offer a guide to the spots connected with Bible history. Of course these find a place, but as in the case of the "Dead Sea, with the Mountains of Moab in the Background," or the "Paschal Moon rising over the Sea of Galilee," or "Sunset on the Mountains of Gilboa," it is the pictorial effects which, under certain conditions, they offer that the artist has had in mind. The same may be said of his animated pictures of the Russian pilgrims returning from the Jordan, the Moslem pilgrims leaving Jerusalem for the wilderness, and the Jewish pilgrims at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem. In these, as in many other of his sketches, Mr. Harper has caught the effective side of his subjects; and while keeping in the background the more sordid side of a pilgrim's life, he shows that these motley groups offer good opportunities to such as have an eye for the picturesque. The impression which this interesting collection leaves upon the mind is that there is still much beauty to be found in the Holy Land, although the hand and heel of the destroyer have lain heavy upon it for nearly two thousand years.



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Mr. J. T. PECK, 38, Lynton Rd., London, S.E., writes as follows:

"I find in Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa the sustaining power you assert it contains, and which I have so much need of on the road, I recommend it to all travellers. It helps to get good orders."

Mr. H. R. TAPSON, "The Tribune," 35, Victoria Rd., London, E.C., writes:

"Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa seems so invigorating and strengthening. I have tried it myself, and find it delicious."

Mr. J. T. PECK, 38, Lynton Rd., London, S.E., writes:

"Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is undoubtedly the finest production in the market."

Mr. J. T. PECK, 38, Lynton Rd., London, S.E., writes:

"Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is pleasant and palatable. It imparts nourishment and builds up strength. As a Food Beverage it is invaluable."

Mr. ROBERT H. SHERARD, Author of "The White Slaves of England," writes as follows:

"I think it right to tell you that of all beverages to which I have found Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa the very best—far superior to coffee or tea, or, indeed, any drink, infinitely preferable to the brain-destroying alcohol. It is a real boon to many men."

"When I was travelling last year among the work-people in the Midlands and the North collecting materials for my book, 'The White Slaves of England,' I found that most of those people, unable to afford milk, were drinking what they call 'tea-kettle broth'—a most injurious beverage. To many I suggested that such a preparation as yours, even without milk, would be much preferable."

"You may make any use you like of this letter. It is a simple expression of truth."

Mr. SAMUEL REEVES, L.N.W. Railway Guard, Stanford Station, writes:

"For the last few years I have not been able to take any breakfast first thing in the morning, so I commenced taking a basin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa before going out on a journey. I had not done so many mornings before I wanted something to eat with it, and now I want my couple of rashers of good fat bacon every morning. I am a warehouseman and a total abstainer. In giving these particulars of myself, I am not boasting, but in regard to Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa to others, I feel I am doing my duty to the public. I believe Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is indeed a great blessing."

Mr. CHARLES REDMAN, 44, Grove Road, Chichester, Sussex, writes:

"Allow me to say I am drinking Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa every day. I have just recovered from a serious attack of rheumatism, and I cannot express enough in praise of its strengthening powers. I am a warehouseman and a total abstainer. In giving these particulars of myself, I am not boasting, but in regard to Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa to others, I feel I am doing my duty to the public. I believe Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is indeed a great blessing."

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## MUSIC.

The musical season may now be described, in the elegant language of advertisement, as being at its height. Concerts are on every side of us. On the Tuesday of last week, Herr Mottl gave his second concert under the direction of Mr. Schulz-Curtius. He played Beethoven's Eighth Symphony with perhaps even a disproportionate amount of passion, displaying its construction, disrobing its traditions, in a manner that was almost brutal in spite of its gigantic effort. In the second portion of the concert we had a programme entirely devoted to Wagner, in which Mottl naturally revelled. His playing of Siegfried's "Journey to the Rhine" and the "Träumerschritt" was literally superb, and he was no less successful in Brünnhilde's last lament from "Götterdämmerung," in which Madame Gulbranson, from Bayreuth, sang with rare dramatic feeling. She is not, perhaps, so vital, so intense as Miss Brema, but she has possibly greater qualities of vocal tenderness and of personal sympathy. She was limited, however, so far as her success went, to the Wagner selections, for her singing in the early part of the concert of some songs by Grieg was not more than moderately fine.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, Nov. 17, Mr. William Booze's Ballad Concert at the St. James's Hall was a most elaborate affair. One supposes that it is finally useless to protest further on the subject of the encores

which prevail on these occasions almost by a prescriptive right; but they certainly delay the movement and spirit of these entertainments most woefully. The fare provided by the original programmes is always on so regal a scale that surely the public might be satisfied with the fulfilment of promises so splendid. The reverse, however, is always the case. The more there is given, the more there is asked for. On this particular occasion, Mrs. Helen Trust, Madame Alice Gomez, Mr. Ben Davies, Signor Foli, Miss Cissie Loftus, the Meister Glee Singers, and others lent their aid, and surely took the enormous applause that was granted them as a fitting reward.

The Philharmonic Concert of Thursday, Nov. 18, was made chiefly remarkable by the presence of M. Moszkowski, who conducted certain of his own works, among others a Concerto for the Violin and Orchestra, in which M. Gregorowitsch took the solo instrument, and played with a masterly insight and an extraordinary fineness of technique. Some ballet music by the Russian musician was also given. It is, on the whole, music of an extremely clever rather than of a really great accomplishment. You admire, as it were, from outside; you do not take it to yourself in any intimacy as you do, for example, the later music of Moszkowski's countryman Tschaikowsky. It is an excellent example of the not quite first-rate in art. For the rest, the Philharmonic band acquitted itself creditably in the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" and in Mozart's Jupiter

Symphony, under the direction of Sir Alexander Mackenzie.

What must be reckoned as quite an exciting concert took place on Monday last, when Herr Grieg gave a recital of pianoforte works by himself and accompanied Madame Medora Henson in nine of his own songs. The occasion was, of course, very special by reason of the great and almost world-wide reputation of the composer, who came bringing his own sheaves with him as it were. As a pianoforte player he has a touch of exceeding delicacy, coloured, it may be said, by an atmosphere of genuine romance. He plays exquisitely rather than powerfully, seeming to dictate to his hearers the spirit rather than the full technique of his work. The vocal selection was, perhaps, a little unfortunate, inasmuch as the songs showed the composer in the somewhat unexpected light of a creator of the popular ballad, so beloved of modern drawing-room sentiment, but not exactly reasonable as the production of a mind and inspiration so refined and personal as Grieg's. Herr Wolff also joined the master in playing the violin part of the C Minor Violin and Pianoforte Sonata (Op. 45).

The Albert Hall programmes for the coming season have called forth a certain amount of dissatisfaction by reason of their persistent monotony. Excellent as the performances of the Royal Choral Society may be, there still remains to the critic the obligation of a necessary note of warning. The programmes, to be frank, require a certain change.

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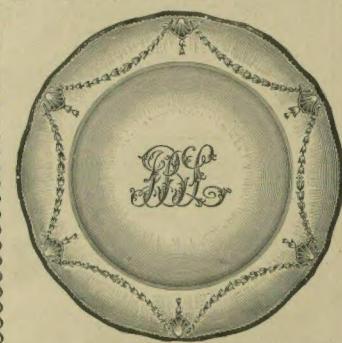
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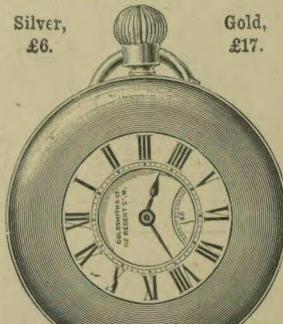
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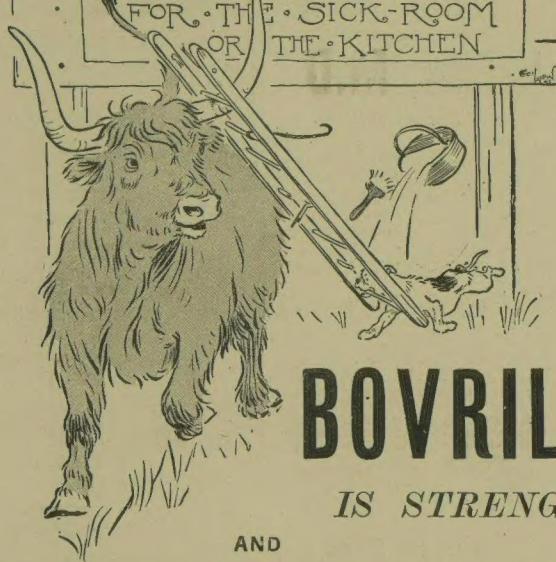
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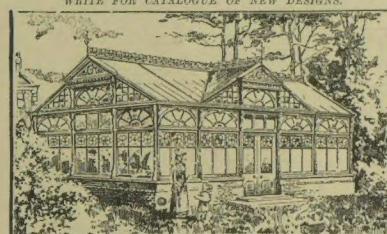


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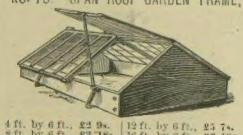


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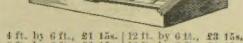
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Sir Frederick Bridge has under his control a wonderful force which needs constant vitalising and a constant reminder of its possibilities. The eternal repetitions, which have now become the veriest commonplace associated with the Royal Choral Society, are having, on the contrary, the effect of deadening and dulling their endeavour.

On the last two Saturdays Mr. Henry Wood, at the Queen's Hall, gave the third and fourth of the Symphony Concerts that are being played there under the control of Mr. Robert Newman. The now famous child-prodigy, Bruno Steindel, played two movements from Mozart's Piano Concerto in D Minor at the first, and one is bound to say he played them not only with perfect manual dexterity, but also with a very great tenderness, insight, and delicacy. This is surely a very splendid record for a boy of seven. It is an unwelcome task at all

times to be called upon to judge as a final achievement that which is so clearly on the way, and which cannot possibly have arrived yet at its destination; but we can freely praise Bruno Steindel's playing on this occasion as work actually done, and done excellently. Mr. Wood played Tchaikovsky's "Casse-Noisette" suite extremely well, and Schubert's Symphony in C Major went with a singular movement of life, energy, and fullness of sentiment. Mr. Henry Wood is doing exceedingly good work at these concerts, at the fourth of which the Queen's Hall Choral Society showed itself to admirable advantage.

The Society for the Extension of University Teaching held its annual meeting at Fishmongers' Hall. Sir John Evans, President of the British Association, Sir John

Lubbock, M.P., and the Bishop of Bristol were among the speakers. The Council reported its intention to support the Bill of last Session for establishing a Teaching University of London.

The Government Commission of Inquiry concerning the London Water Companies and supply of water to the Metropolis held its first meeting on Monday in a committee-room of the House of Lords, presided over by Lord Iliff. Counsel appeared for the London County Council, the New River Company, the Southwark and Vauxhall, Lambeth, Kent, West Middlesex, Chelsea, East London, and Grand Junction Canal Companies, and the Middlesex and Hertfordshire County Councils. The first witness examined was Mr. H. L. Cripps, Parliamentary agent since 1871 for the Metropolitan Board of Works and the London County Council, with reference to different schemes of purchase.

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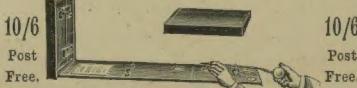
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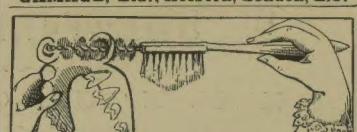
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